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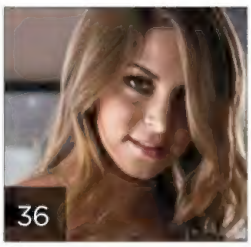
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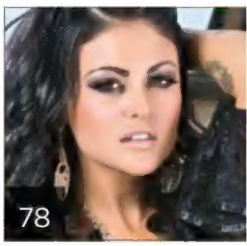
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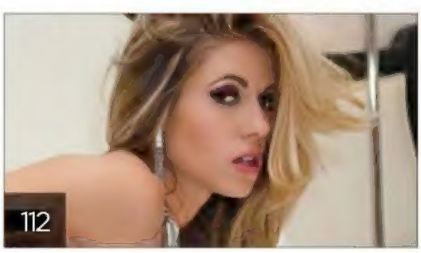
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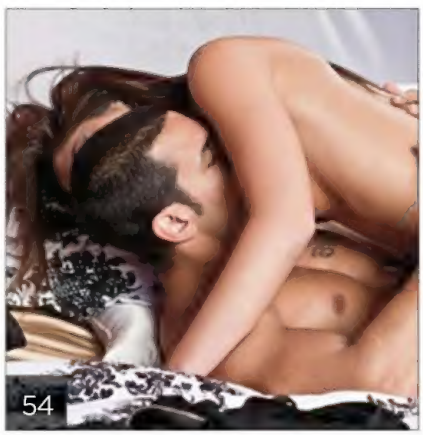

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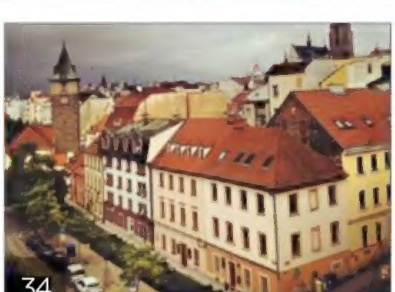

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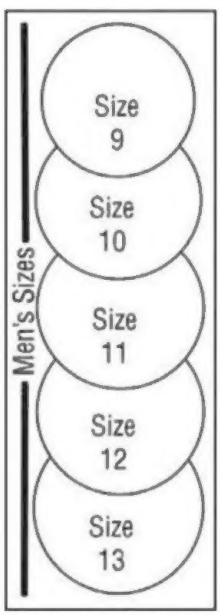

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The Long Good-bye

A couple of years ago, I was working in a small-town law firm. I shared a legal assistant named Tracy with another attorney. Tracy was a petite girl, endowed with lots of curves in all the right places. She was just over five feet tall, with short brown hair, generous breasts, great legs, and large brown eyes. As a part-time student finishing her degree, she was in and out of the office, keeping odd hours.

We worked together for about two years till she graduated, and we both received job offers that would take us to different places. During our last week at the firm, Tracy and I spent several late nights getting things in order for our departures.

On the next to last night, I was in my office when she walked in wearing a short skirt, a knit top, and a pair of strappy heels. She asked how long I was going to stay, and I said a few hours more. She said everyone else had gone home, and asked if I needed anything. I told her I was fine and went back to work. She stood in the doorway for a few seconds, then said, "I just wanted to say that I've really enjoyed working with you."

"Thanks," I replied. "It's mutual."

She came over, gave me a hug, and slid her hands up my back to the nape of my neck. She gave me a light tentative kiss, pulled back, then kissed me harder a second time. We began to kiss furiously, our tongues darting into each other's mouth.

"Door ... get the door!" she said in a hoarse whisper. I went to the door, looked out, shut it, and locked it.

We embraced again, kissing each other hard. As she unbuttoned my shirt and loosened my tie, I ran my hands under her sweater and grasped her nipples through her bra. Then she began to wrestle with my belt and pants. When my trousers fell to the floor, I kicked off my shoes and stepped out of my pants. Her hands tunneled inside my boxers and stroked my cock. I let out a sigh and pulled off her sweater and bra, taking her nipples into my mouth one after the other, teasing and tasting them as she stroked my shaft. Suddenly, she stopped me, spun me around, and pushed me down into my chair.

"I've always wanted to do this with you," Tracy said, as she kneeled in front of me. The tip of my cock was peeking out of my shorts, and she started to lick it with quick, catlike strokes. She pulled my boxers off and slid my straining cock into her mouth. As she bobbed her head up and down on my dick, I played with her hair. Her mouth was incredible, and she kept up a sucking pressure the whole time. Occasionally she'd stop and caress the head of my cock with the palm of her hand while looking into my eyes, before going back down. She was running her tongue around my shaft, one hand rubbing my balls, when I felt the tingle of impending orgasm.

"I'm going to come," I croaked.

Tracy stopped for a second, looked me in the eye, and said, "So?" She popped the head of my cock back into her mouth and tongued the underside while tickling my balls with her nails. I exploded in her mouth, jerking my hips up and down while gripping the armrests of the chair. When I was done, she reached for the wastebasket and spit my load into it. As she took a swallow of the bottled water on my desk, she said apologetically, "I don't swallow. Hope you don't mind."

Rather than answer, I got up from the chair, grabbed her by the waist, and spun her around. I dropped to my knees and started licking her calves. She was still wearing those heels. I lavished kisses, nibbles, and licks all up and down her great legs. I reached up to undo her skirt and discovered a satiny, red thong. I renewed my attention to her legs, but this time I included her lovely ass. I pulled the thong aside and started to lick around her puckered asshole. "What are you ... *oh* ... *oh* ... *oh* ..." was her reaction to my probing tongue.

I knelt lower and licked her pussy. She braced herself against my computer, which was none too sturdy. I stood up and turned, and we started kissing again. She was breathing heavily, licking my chin, cleaning off her own juices. I picked her up and

She was running her tongue around my shaft, one hand rubbing my balls, when I felt the tingle of impending orgasm.

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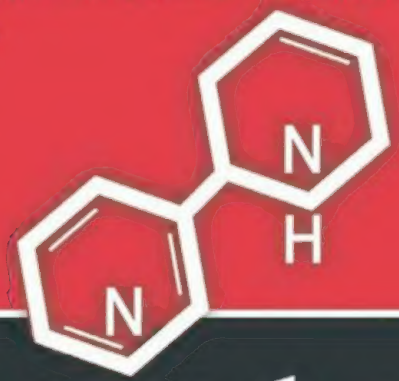

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sat her on the desk—one of those big 1930s-type desks, all wood and really wide. I pulled off her thong and started to eat her out, parting her pussy lips and licking her cunt with sweeping strokes. I avoided her clit, stopping my tongue just as I licked her from bottom to top. With each lick I made sure to bump her clit with my nose. Soon she was whimpering and gripping the edges of the desk with her hands. Her juices were running down her thighs, soaking the desk blotter and me.

I changed my approach and concentrated on just her clit, and I was rewarded when she grabbed my hair and pulled me more tightly to her cunt. She arched her back as I sucked on her clit, and seemed to stop breathing before letting out a series of sharp gasps. Her stomach fluttered as she came, and then she slumped back onto the desk.

She was in a daze on the desk as I rubbed my dick against her opening.

"Oh, fuck me! Please fuck me!" she moaned. With that, I clutched her hips and slid into her. I started slowly, thrusting with long strokes, before raising one of her legs and licking her calf as I fucked her. "Oh, yeah. Fuck me, fuck me," she repeated. I stopped to put both her legs over my shoulders, then pounded her with short, fast strokes. She was gripping the edge of the desk and fucking me back, no longer talking, just grunting and groaning.

I dropped her legs and pressed in on top of her. She wrapped her legs around me as I stroked her cunt with my cock again. I felt her spasm around my dick when she came, and I kept plunging into her hot, wet pussy. She was so wet that each stroke made a slurping noise. I kept fucking her as hard and fast as I could. She kept trying to arch her back with each orgasm, but my weight kept her down. She strained against me, digging her nails into my back. With one final hard thrust, I ground my cock into her and came in several strong spurts. Tracy let out a wail and came with me.

I lifted my face and gave her a few light kisses as we caught our breath. "I'm sorry I waited so long to do that," she said in a dreamy voice.

"That was wonderful," I said. I slid off her and into my chair. She stayed where she was, smiling, with her legs dangling over the desk. I smiled, too, thinking what a great send-off this was for both of us.—*T.R., Pennsylvania*

Afternoon Delight

It was another Sunday afternoon, and I was alone in my apartment as usual. I was lounging around, wearing nothing but a pair of loose-fitting shorts and staring out my patio door, when I noticed a woman strolling by with her dog. The dog stopped to sniff at a fire hydrant, and its owner looked up at me. She was quite beautiful, with exceptional breasts, one of my main weaknesses.

We were staring at each other when she started to lick her lips, as women tend to do when they want to get a man's attention. Watching this, and imagining this woman's magnificent globes against my face and in my hands, I began to get a hard-on, and the shorts I was wearing made it very easy to see.

She ran her fingers over the mound in her jeans, then up to her lips, where she licked them very sensually. Then she lowered her hand and ran it lightly down the cleavage of her ample tits. My cock grew larger and harder and she knew she had me. I almost blew my load right there, but I had better things to do with it.

Silently she mouthed, "What apartment?" I flashed the number with my fingers.

Ten minutes later the bell rang and I buzzed her in. When I opened the door, I saw that she was even more attractive and sexy up close. She'd changed into a dress that accentuated her tits. We embraced in a long, hot, wet, tonsil-tickling kiss. I could feel her nipples getting hard, and could tell she wasn't wearing a bra. Maybe she sensed that I was about to blow any minute, because she led me over to the couch, sat down, slid her soft hands down to my shorts, and helped them fall to the floor.

I slid my hands around two of the fullest tits ever. Her nipples were hard and erect, made for plucking. She took my prick into her mouth. The more I caressed her tits and the harder I squeezed her nipples, the stronger she sucked. When she knew I was about to come, she locked those plush lips around my cock and took everything I had to give her. She milked me until I didn't have a drop left.

Afterward, when I'd recovered, she told me her name was Ellen, and that she had just moved in down the hall. She said she thought she was going to like living here, and thanked me for welcoming her to the neighborhood.—*J.L., New York*

More letters on page 122

Her nipples were hard and erect, made for plucking. The more I caressed her tits and the harder I squeezed, the stronger she sucked.

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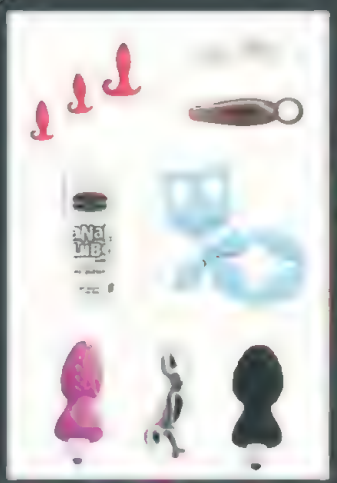

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PUMPING IRON

Paramount, Marvel, and Robert Downey Jr. hoist another *Iron Man* installment, with a new director (Shane Black), a new villain (Ben Kingsley), and a new babe (Rebecca Hall) to go along with Gwyneth Paltrow.

ILLUSTRATION BY REVEL-INK

3-D GATSBY

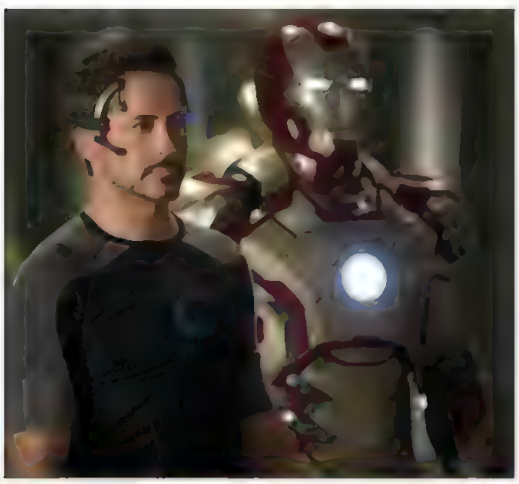
Australian director Baz Luhrmann recasts F. Scott Fitzgerald's American classic in lavish 3-D, with Leonardo DiCaprio and Carey Mulligan.

The Great Gatsby
Leonardo DiCaprio, Carey Mulligan, Tobey Maguire

With the much-delayed release of Baz Luhrmann's luxurious take on *The Great Gatsby*, we will at long last know how the Great American Novel does in the age of *The Real Housewives of New York*. Pushed back from its original high-pressure Oscar-season slot, the movie should play better as an effervescent early-summer joyride among the fabulously wealthy. And it was shot in 3-D, which should enhance the opulent settings. DiCaprio plays the cryptic title character (naturally), while Tobey Maguire is Nick Carraway, the narrator and Gatsby's neighbor, and Mulligan landed the Daisy Buchanan role, beating out a field crowded with A-list honeys. But this project hinges on hyperactive director Luhrmann, who could either Cuisinart all the fun out of the proceedings or emerge with a fresh and inspired vision.

Pain & Gain
Mark Wahlberg, Dwayne Johnson, Anthony Mackie

For his latest, Michael Bay takes a break from the giant robots, explosions, and embarrassingly huge budgets, but, bless his heart, he'll always have room for big 'n' dumb. Those qualities are embodied by Wahlberg, Johnson, and Mackie, who, in a plot based on a real-life crime that stunned Miami, scheme to escape their hand-to-mouth existence as bodybuilders by extorting millions of dollars from a local businessman. Alas, planning the perfect crime is a bit beyond their skill set. Let's hope Bay emphasizes the comedy; his tale turns dark, but he's collected some real acting talent.



Iron Man 3
Robert Downey Jr., Ben Kingsley, Gwyneth Paltrow

Ready for another supersarcastic installment of the Downey Jr. franchise? The proceedings were getting obnoxious already with the first sequel in 2010; we're not sure the world needs a third Iron Man picture. But there may be some course corrections: Kingsley seems a promising arch villain (he plays Marvel's notorious Mandarin), and running the enterprise is Shane Black, the *Lethal Weapon* screenwriter turned director most responsible for Downey's comeback, with 2005's *Kiss Kiss Bang Bang*. (It's worth a look if you haven't seen it.) If nothing else, the film will have sexy patter with Paltrow and the sultry Rebecca Hall (*The Town*), who enters the mix as Maya Hansen.

Kon-Tiki
Pål Sverre Valheim Hagen, Anders Baasmo Christiansen, Gustaf Skarsgård

It's impossible not to thrill to this full-bodied dramatization of the 1947 Pacific Ocean rafting expedition: a rib-sticking survival tale and "dad movie" if there ever was one. (But still fun for everyone, and you won't mind that the film comes from Norway, trust us.) It starts off distressingly like a Duran Duran video, as a handsome crew in white dress shirts sets off for a Polynesian adventure and, one presumes, a *Vanity Fair* shoot. But as soon as the scary storms and shark attacks set in, you'll be hooked. Ultimately, for all the rip-roaring adventure and raging elements, this is a story about believing in your own compass.

Sightseers
Alice Lowe, Steve Oram

When British director Ben Wheatley broke through with 2011's creepy *Kill List*, critics were ready to hail him as horror's next big thing (once they unclenched their eyes). As it happened, Wheatley has evolved in the best way, into a maker of the sharpest black comedy since Danny Boyle's *Shallow Grave*. His latest, a huge step forward, pushes a gently nerdy couple (cowriters Lowe and Oram) into the English countryside for a getaway vacation: an RV tour of postcard vistas and pencil museums. But annoying tourists, wayward pets, and other setbacks drive them over the murderous edge. It's a movie for anyone who has instantly come to regret a long-planned escape—or at least the fellow travelers you meet along the way—which makes it a film for all of us.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (*PAIN & GAIN*) 106009, (*IRON MAN 3*) ZADE ROSENTHAL/MARVEL, (*SIGHTSEERS*) BEN WHEATLEY/FILM4/BBC FILMS, AND COURTESY OF (*THE GREAT GATSBY*) WARNER BROS. PICTURES, (*KON-TIKI*) THE WEINSTEIN COMPANY

Strange Brews

With bad trips, unusual perspectives, and parallel universes (yes, plural), these releases are warping our perception of reality. So we threw in a couple of down-to-earth choices, too.

DJANGO UNCHAINED

This antebellum comedy is everything you'd expect from Quentin Tarantino: controversial, gratuitously violent, and award-winning. Jamie Foxx stars as Django, a freed slave who teams up with a bounty hunter to track down his enslaved wife. They devise a clever plan to purchase said wife from a sociopathic plantation owner (Leonardo DiCaprio), but this is a Tarantino film, so of course it's on to plan B. Do we even have to say that plan B results in a complete bloodbath? The Blu-ray will bring the carnage home in high-definition, and we're expecting the usual deleted scenes and featurettes.

JOHN DIES AT THE END

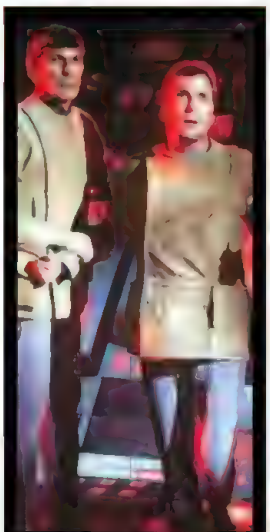
This part-horror-spoof, part-science-fiction, part-hallucination romp may be one of the weirdest movies in recent memory. Paul Giamatti plays a reporter trying to uncover the paranormal activities of Dave and John, two stoner buddies who—after taking a mysterious drug called "soy sauce"—can remember the future and travel across dimensions. Not surprisingly, the drug comes with some creepy side effects, and Dave and John are ultimately tasked with saving the universe. Chances are, you didn't see it in the theater—it struggled to crack the six-figure mark at the box office—so check out the high-def gore and twisted humor from the comfort of your couch.

THE GUILT TRIP

In one of the oddest on-screen pairings of the year, Seth Rogen teams up with Barbra Streisand in her first above-the-title role since 1996. Rogen plays a neurotic inventor who embarks on a cross-country road trip to hawk his new product, and he's invited his nagging mom along in hopes of reuniting her with her former love. Rogen and Streisand manage to make the decidedly *eh* script work, and the Blu-ray will include gag reels, deleted scenes, and an alternate ending.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (*DJANGO UNCHAINED*, TOP) ANDREW COOPER, SMPSP/THE WEINSTEIN COMPANY; (*TRIPPED*) LIANE HENTSCHER/FOX; EVERETT COLLECTION; AND COURTESY OF (*DJANGO UNCHAINED*, LEFT) THE WEINSTE N COMPANY; (*JOHN DIES AT THE END*) MAGNET RELEASING

BY KARA WAHLGREN



Trek-a-Rama

With all the buzz surrounding the upcoming *Star Trek Into Darkness*, it's no surprise that the studio is rereleasing just about every last morsel of *Trek* movie magic. We're sure die-hard Trekkers have already placed their pre-orders, but here are a few titles worth checking out, even if you don't speak fluent Vulcan.

Star Trek III: The Search for Spock. Sandwiched in the middle of a critically acclaimed story arc—right between the series' high note, *The Wrath of Khan,* and its comic relief, *The Voyage Home*—this movie resurrects Spock, who sacrificed himself to save the *Enterprise.* After all, what's classic *Star Trek* without Leonard Nimoy?

Star Trek: Insurrection. In this 1998 installment, Data goes berserk and Captain Picard discovers that a few members of Starfleet plan to take over a peaceful planet—totally not protocol.

***Star Trek: The Next Generation* Season Three.** The third season of *Next Generation* is worth a rewatch—it was nominated for a total of eight Emmys, and the final cliffhanger episode was so popular that it's being released as a separate DVD this month. (We weren't kidding when we said every ... last ... morsel.)

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF (*THE GUILT TRIP* AND *STAR TREK*) PARAMOUNT, (*CHINA BEACH*) WARNER BROS. ENTERTAINMENT, (*JURASSIC PARK 3-D*) EVERETT COLLECTION, (*THE SANDLOT*) 20TH CENTURY FOX HOME ENTERTAINMENT

TV ON DVD

FRINGE: THE COMPLETE SERIES

This underrated sci-fi series combined the mystery of a detective drama with the mind-fucking mythology we've come to expect from a J. J. Abrams show—and it even managed to survive the dreaded Friday-night time slot. Anna Torv and Joshua Jackson star as partners who work with his fresh-out-of-the-nuthouse father in Fringe Division, a tiny FBI task force that investigates a series of bizarre disasters caused by the collision of our universe and a parallel one. (Complicated enough?) The 20-disc Blu-ray collection will include all five seasons, along with extras like Comic-Con interviews, gag reels, and a farewell featurette. You'll finally be able to spot those Observer appearances in every episode.

CHINA BEACH: THE COMPLETE COLLECTION

We've been waiting for *China Beach* to be released on video since shows were released on video—then waiting for the DVDs, then waiting some more. Finally, it's here. If you were still in diapers when Dana Delany and Marg Helgenberger first started heating up TV screens, here's the CliffsNotes version: This Emmy-winning drama was set in an evac hospital during the Vietnam War and depicted events from the unique perspective of (hot) female doctors, nurses, and civilian personnel. The DVD collection will include all four seasons, along with a ton of extras, like a cast reunion, interviews, featurettes, a memory book with casting notes, and more. Worth the wait? We think so.

HIGH-DEF UPDATES

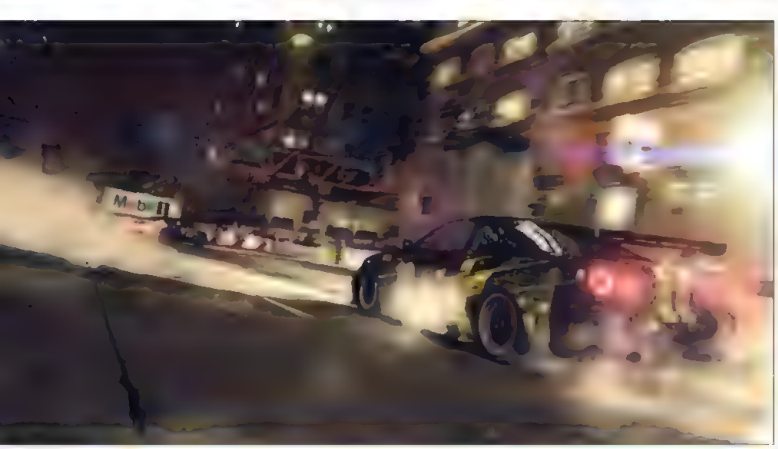
JURASSIC PARK 3-D

Two decades ago, the original *Jurassic Park* was one of the first movies to really show us the blow-your-mind, shit-your-pants potential of CGI technology. The plot synopsis could almost be a bad joke: A paleontologist, a paleobotanist, and a chaos theorist walk into a dinosaur-themed adventure park.... It's all astonishing at first, but then the security system gets disabled, all hell breaks loose, and the humans end up running from dinosaurs like it's 70 million B.C. It was awesome then, and it will be even better now, as the Oscar-winning visual effects and Grammy-winning score have been remastered for 3-D and DTS-HD Master Audio 7.1. Catch it in theaters during its limited IMAX release, then grab a copy for home—the 3-D Blu-ray will include loads of behind-the-scenes footage and making-of featurettes.

THE SANDLOT 20TH ANNIVERSARY

This tale about a new kid in town who finds friends plus a way to connect with his stepfather through baseball is fun, nostalgic, and flat-out heartwarming. The boys' adventures involve sleepovers in a tree house, a hot lifeguard at the pool, and a drooling monster of a dog who lives on the other side of the ball field's fence with its cantankerous owner. The sheer love of the game and what it can mean to a bunch of kids makes this one of our favorite sports films of all time. The anniversary packaging includes collectible cast baseball cards; PF Flyers is releasing a limited-edition version of Benny the Jet's beloved "secret weapon" sneakers in a sixties-style shoe box; and director, writer, and narrator David Mickey Evans is hosting a series of screenings at minor-league ballparks throughout the summer.—*Barbara Rice Thompson*

The Last of Us



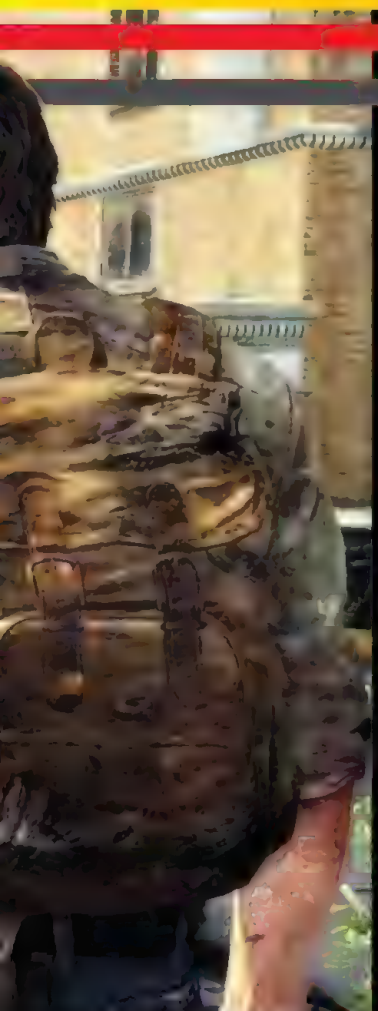
GRID 2
CODEMASTERS (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

Most racing games are fine-tuned for either Coors-swilling speed demons or auto aficionados, but this rides down the center line—it's a driving simulator that's as thrilling as it is true-to-spec. The secret is in the physics system. Each licensed car offers nuanced handling that also allows for crowd-pleasing drifts. *Car and Driver* subscribers will spend hours mastering the finer points of each vehicle's cornering; casual fans will get off showboating and slapping the rewind button when they accidentally zig instead of zag. And unlike in other auto sims that feature magically indestructible licensed cars, you can totally total the Mustangs, BMWs, and other real-world rides here.

DEFIANCE
TRION WORLDS (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

Savvy gamers know to treat titles tied to movie or television properties as crappy cash-ins, but *Defiance* is a more ambitious bit of cross-promotion. This massively multiplayer third-person shooter serves as a complementary component of the new Syfy original series of the same name. While the TV show plays up the drama between aliens and humans cohabitating on a future Earth, the game lets you create a background character (either alien or earthling) who flits behind the scenes to affect events on the show. *Defiance* viewers, for instance, will tune in to see a storm batter the cast during a particular episode, while *Defiance* players will actually create the storm as a mission objective. Fans of the show will feel like they're helping create it; non-viewers will just have a blast blowing stuff up with cool sci-fi weaponry.

BY CRISPIN BOYER

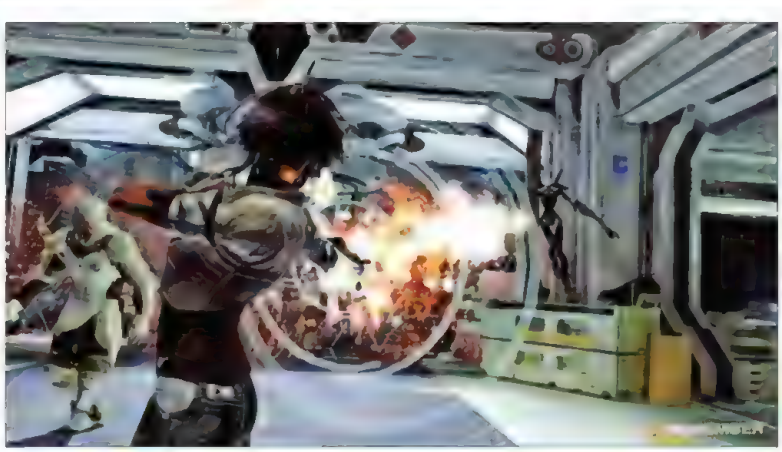


SONY COMPUTER ENTERTAINMENT (PS3)

Turns out the tree huggers were wrong all along. Nature is mankind's nemesis in *The Last of Us*, a postapocalyptic adventure set two decades after the outbreak of a humongous mutant-making fungus. Thickets of trees and blooming weeds have reclaimed America's crumbling cities, where survivors cower in quarantined zones under brutal military control. You play a gruff mercenary named Joel who's been hired to escort Ellie, a young girl from Boston, to a group known as the Fireflies. And so begins a terrifying journey through the realm of America's infected heartland.

Instead of outright killing its victims, the fungus has turned humans into mindless fiends in various stages of orneriness. Think of them as spore-sprouting zombies that grow more powerful as they decay. First-stage victims maintain some semblance of their humanity as they roam the darkened streets in sprinting packs. They'll still dismember their victims, but they do it almost reluctantly. A class of more advanced infected, called "clickers," has no such compunction. Blinded by fungal spores sprouting from their eyes and heads, clickers hunt victims using echolocation. It's up to Joel to sneak Ellie past these and worse infected horrors.

Perpetually short on guns and ammo, players must rely on their ears to pinpoint enemies and dispatch them stealthily with a homemade shiv. Scavenging batteries, alcohol, nails, and other DIY-project debris lets you MacGyver together more useful weapons and equipment, such as Molotov cocktails. But don't mistake *The Last of Us* for a typical zombie-blasting romp. It's a chilling trek through an eerily silent wasteland fraught with sudden death for the unwary. For best results, play it with the sound up and the lights off.



REMEMBER ME

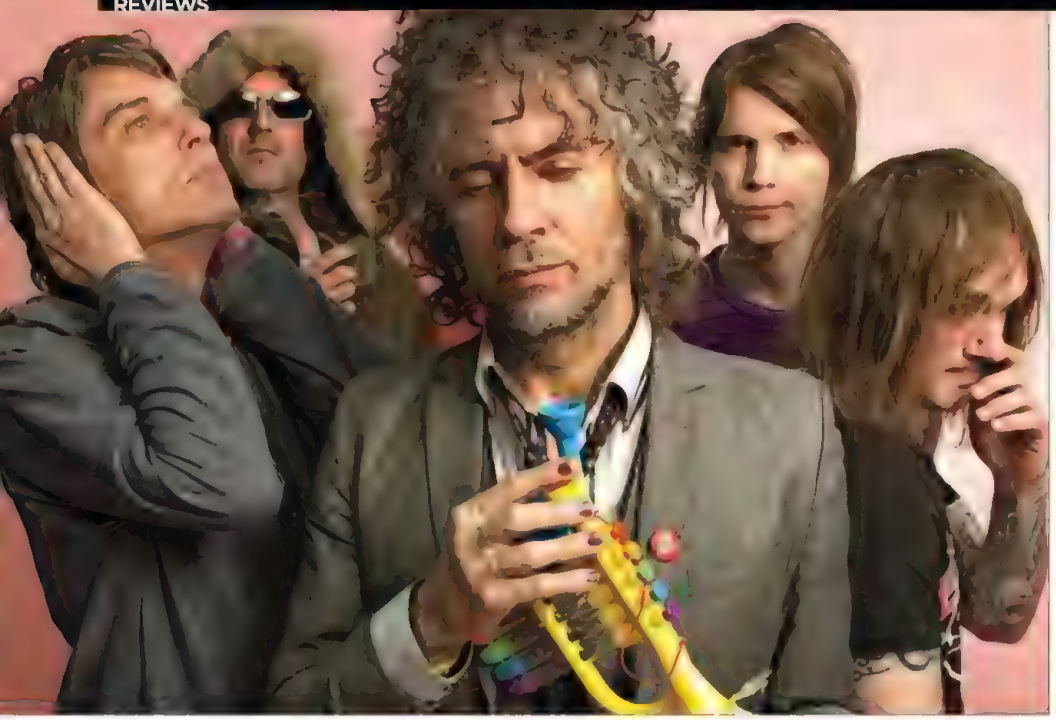
CAPCOM (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

At the rate social-networking sites are mining our lives for ad dollars, the dystopian future presented in this third-person action-adventure may end up reflecting our actual tomorrow. The game is set in 2084 in Neo-Paris, where residents' memories are priceless commodities stored on corporate cloud servers. Players control a catsuited mercenary named Nilin, who has the power to swipe, sell, and rearrange people's precious moments, but the tables are turned when she awakens in Bastille Prison with her entire life wiped from her noggin. What follows is a quest to recover Nilin's identity while also learning—or, rather, relearning—her old hand-to-hand combat moves.

PATH OF EXILE

GRINDING GEAR GAMES (PC)

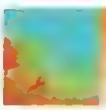
Behold, the greatest value in gaming: an action roleplaying adventure that's completely free to play. This creation by a small team of New Zealand *Diablo* fans offers a sprawling (and randomly generated) realm to explore and a trove of weapons and gear (aka "loot") to collect. Players choose from an assortment of fantasy archetypes—from bow-wielding ranger to spell-casting witch—but abilities here are tied to socketable gems rather than the usual character-specific skill trees. Stick a red gem in your sword, for instance, and suddenly you're casting explosive fireballs with each swing. You can spend real dollars to modify your powers with fancier effects (the game's makers have to make money somehow, after all), but free lower-frills attacks are up to the task of saving the realm.



Bleak Out

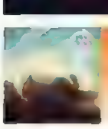
The Flaming Lips drop their sunny psychedelia and go all in for desolation on their latest, *The Terror*.

By John Bolster



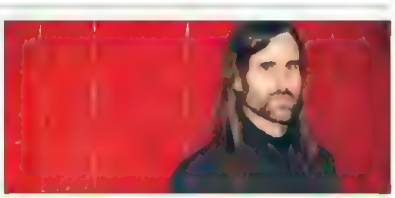
The Flaming Lips
The Terror
Warner Bros.
★★1/2

For a band that's enjoyed a fair amount of commercial success, the Flaming Lips have pulled some starkly anticommercial moves in their career. Since signing with Warner Bros. in the early nineties, they've made hits ("She Don't Use Jelly," "Do You Realize??"), and they've also produced a 24-hour song, a 44-word song title, and an album (1997's *Zaireeka*) consisting of four CDs meant to be played simultaneously on four different sound systems. On *The Terror,* their 13th studio album, they wade deep into darkness, daring casual fans to follow. The record contains nine brooding, gloomily atmospheric compositions on pain, mortality, violence, and the limits of love. At the center is "You Lust," a buzzing, pulsing 13-minute piece tethered to a recurring guitar chord, and featuring Wayne Coyne hissing "lust to succeed" repeatedly. Closing track "Always There, in Our Hearts" sets up a sinister vibe while Coyne chants about "the evil" that's "always there, in our hearts." The Lips wanted to create a record that reflected the terror of a life without love. They may have succeeded too well.



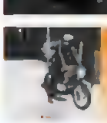
Mikal Cronin
MCII
Merge
★★★1/2

It's hard to stand out in the U.S. music industry, which now releases upward of 100,000 albums per year. You could, say, repackage old Beach Boys songs, or hire a Midas-touch production team to manufacture you a shiny dance-floor trinket. Or you could rely on songwriting talent and a knack for tuneful hooks. That may be the lowest-percentage approach, but it's what L.A. psych-pop prodigy Mikal Cronin is going with. The 27-year-old's second album is a winning collection of jangly, fuzzed-out garage-pop, accented with violin and piano, and fueled by blasts of guitar and scruffy melody. There's not a dud in the bunch, from the cathartic burst of "Shout It Out" to guitar workout "Am I Wrong" and the Americana strings of "Peace of Mind." Cronin is one to watch.



Andrew Wyatt
Descender
Universal Music Group
★★1/2

Andrew Wyatt's pop career is going well—he's the frontman for electronic trio Miike Snow, and he's worked with several other artists, such as Bruno Mars, with whom he co-wrote the hit "Grenade." But if that well ever dries up, Wyatt could have a bright future scoring films or stage productions. His solo debut, *Descender,* is ample proof of that. Floating on a cushion of violin, cello, and wind instruments courtesy of the 75-piece Prague Philharmonic Orchestra, the album imparts moods that could enhance, say, an elaborate children's fantasy film, or a whimsical yet gritty British coming-of-age tale. "Cluster Subs," with its rapidly ascending keyboard hook, could fit the latter, while the melancholy flute, rock drums, and mysterious background voices on "She's Changed" could match the former.



Alkaline Trio
My Shame Is True
Epitaph
★★★

It doesn't have the ready accessibility of their 2010 back-to-basics record, *This Addiction,* but *My Shame Is True,* Alkaline Trio's ninth studio album, is equally rewarding on its own terms. Produced by Jason Livermore and former Black Flag and Descendents drummer Bill Stevenson, the new record is nuanced and dynamic where the earlier one was taut and stripped-down. "Only Love" is bookended by piano chords, with bassist Dan Andriano musing on mortality in between ("Time is undefeated so far"). "I, Pessimist" is a snarling duet between Andriano and Rise Against frontman Tim McIlarth. On the catchy single "I Wanna Be a Warhol," founder Matt Skiba bellows "I wanna be a Warhol/ Hanging on your wall." Title aside, there's no shame in the AT game, still crackling along after 17 years.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FLAMING LIPS) GEORGE SALISBURY; (MIKAL CRONIN) DENEE PETRACEK; (ANDREW WYATT) LILI PEREZ; (ALKALINE TRIO) JONATHAN WEINER

BY CRISPIN BOYER

Breaking Away

Stacking up star solo performers against their former bands.

Lou Reed vs. the Velvet Underground

Band legacy: Commonly referred to as a band that launched a thousand bands, VU never sold a ton of records, but their edgy, stripped-down sound inspired generations of musicians behind them, and still sounds relevant today.
Solo peaks: *Transformer,* Reed's second post-Velvets album, will amaze you with how well it stands up. Ditto *New York,* his scathing portrait of the bad old days of the Big Apple.
Bigger footprint: It's close, but the nod goes to the Velvet Underground. Maybe if Reed hadn't done *Lulu,* his stupefyingly boring collaboration with Metallica....

Dr. Dre vs. N.W.A

Band legacy: The most prominent pioneers of gangsta rap, N.W.A created a pop-music landmark with *Straight Outta Compton.* Four of the five members went on to million-selling solo careers.
Solo peaks: Having helped found one hip-hop subgenre, Dre immediately created another one on his solo debut, *The Chronic,* which spawned West Coast G-funk. His production skills and industry savvy also boosted the careers of Snoop Dogg, Eminem, 50 Cent, the Game, and Kendrick Lamar.
Bigger footprint: Dre. His impact on hip-hop extends further, and continues today.

Sting vs. the Police

Band legacy: Blending reggae and ska with New Wave and punk, the Police created a singular sound, and sold more than 50 million records.
Solo peaks: Sure, Sting has enjoyed a successful solo career in terms of sales, but ... come on. The Australian poet David Musgrave put it best in a piece titled *On the Inevitable Decline Into Mediocrity of the Popular Musician Who Attains a Comfortable Middle Age*—which ran, in its entirety, "O Sting, where is thy death?"
Bigger footprint: Not even close: the Police. Their 2008 reunion tour made them the highest-earning musicians of that year.

Ozzy Osbourne vs. Black Sabbath

Band legacy: They're among the founding fathers of heavy metal, helping change the course of music with songs like "Paranoid" and "War Pigs."
Solo peaks: "Crazy Train," Ozzy's 1980 solo-debut single, is a cultural touchstone, and—in 2012, 32 years after its release—was both the centerpiece of a national car commercial and a ringtone hit. Osbourne has sold more than 55 million records.
Bigger footprint: Sabbath. Osbourne, who starred in an MTV reality show, may be better known today, but his first band helped create the blueprint for metal.

Spring Fever

Ten great slabs of lovemaking music.

"Sexy Mexican Maid,"
Red Hot Chili Peppers, 1989
Dirty talk: "She cums at least once a day."

"I Want You (She's So Heavy)," **the Beatles, 1969**
Dirty talk: "I want you/ I want you so bad/ it's driving me mad/ it's driving me mad."

"I Just Want to Make Love to You,"
Muddy Waters, 1954
Dirty talk: "I don't want you to be true/ I just want to make love to you."

"Let's Get It On,"
Marvin Gaye, 1973
Dirty talk: "Let me groove you good."

"Bang a Gong (Get It On)," **T. Rex, 1973**
Dirty talk: "You're dirty, sweet, and you're my girl."

"Lady Marmalade,"
Labelle, 1974
Dirty talk: *"Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir?"*

"Lollipop,"
Lil Wayne, 2008
Dirty talk: "She said l-l-lick like a lollipop."

"Work It,"
Missy Elliott, 2002
Dirty talk: "If you got a big dick, let me search it/ and find out how hard I gotta work ya."

"Sexual Healing,"
Marvin Gaye, 1983
Dirty talk: "Baby, I can't hold it much longer."

"Darling Nikki,"
Prince, 1985
Dirty talk: "I can't tell you what she did to me/ but my body will never be the same."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (THE VELVET UNDERGROUND) MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES; (DR DRE) TIM MOSENFELDER/GETTY IMAGES; (THE POLICE) CARSTEN WINDHORST/PHOTOSHOT/GETTY IMAGES; (BLACK SABBATH) CHRIS WALTER/WIREIMAGE/GETTY IMAGES

GIRL ON FIRE

This sultry songwriter has been making music for more than a decade. Now Ife Sanchez Mora is poised to hit the big time.

Ife Sanchez Mora has a knack for choosing underground projects—a trip-hop band formed by Tricky, the Afro-punk group Live Mas, a girl-powered punk band called SwEEtie. But her latest release, the solo album *Fire Inside of Me,* could launch her into the mainstream. Mora sings about getting over heartbreak, and her dust-yourself-off lyrics will appeal to those lovelorn listeners who wore out their Macy Gray and Blu Cantrell albums ten years ago. We caught up with Mora just before her album dropped to find out who and what inspire her unique sound.

Tell us a little bit about *Fire Inside of Me.*
It's my second solo album, and I really feel like I was able to advance as a singer-songwriter and show more diversity on this album. I'm writing about what women go through with heartbreak and lessons of love: rising up, persevering, and using that as part of your strength to become greater and wiser and move forward in life.

What drew you to Americana?
Within the Americana genre, you find everything this amazing country has produced with music—blues, folk, funk, rock 'n' roll. This country is so rich, with so many different types of people coming together and creating this beautiful music that has inspired the world. I'm drawn to that because my background is diverse—my father is from Mexico and his father was pure Indian; my grandmother and mother are African-American; my grandfather was Irish. I'm inspired by all these different cultures, and it all comes together as the Americana sound.

You've done everything from country to punk. Is there a style that comes most naturally?
I need to be diverse with my writing, because that's who I am and how I listen to music. There's not one sound I'm drawn to—as much as I like Patsy Cline or Loretta Lynn, I also like Jack White or Ella Fitzgerald or Betty Davis. And I'm a big Tool fan, so I always have to have one heavy metal jam-out on the album.

Your parents are both jazz musicians—what do they think of your style?
My mom is super proud of me. My father is a jazz drummer and composer, and he's brilliant in what he does—but he's a little bit of a purist when it comes to music.

So he ribs you about your music?
Yeah, he doesn't really understand it, to tell you the truth. But I'm sure he's very proud of me. My parents are basically responsible for why I do what I do. I'm so inspired by them.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NIA

BY KARA WAHLGREN

Your sister Naima was a winner on *America's Next Top Model,* and she's been in a few bands, too. Were you two competitive?
At one point, yeah. She stole a couple of my band members away, and we fought about it for about six months. Now we laugh about it. And I think I took one of her band members after that, so ...

You're even stephen.
Exactly!

You grew up in Detroit, but now you're living in New York—does either feel more like home?
I'm very proud of being from Detroit, because Detroit was a nucleus for amazing music. But New York is definitely my home. I live on Long Island, in the wine country, and I love being out there with my dogs and my kids, writing and composing, going to the farms and visiting the vineyards.

When did you move to New York?
I was 18. I moved to the city to be a singer, and I worked at this really popular restaurant called the Coffee Shop in Union Square, where a lot of talent was discovered. That's where I met Tricky, who was with Massive Attack—he had just put out his solo album and was all over MTV. I loved what he was doing. It was unique and original and new. And he would come into the Coffee Shop and hang out, and I kind of stalked him, to tell you the truth. I totally stalked him.

But it worked. How did your career take off from there?
I gave him my demo, and he loved it. He had just gotten a subsidiary record label for DreamWorks, and I was one of the first artists he signed—this was with a group he formed for me called the Autumn People. When his label was dissolved, I moved to Atlanta and took time out to go back to school and study music and get good at my craft, because I started so young. Then I came back to New York with Live Mas, and we performed around the city. I left that band, and Tecla Esposito and I formed SwEEtie. And then I went solo three years ago.

Who else has influenced you?
Jack White is a huge influence—he brought this organic blues sound back to the mainstream in a very stripped-down way with the White Stripes. He's so prolific, and I really admire that—I'm constantly working, creating, writing, and performing.

On a personal note, you're married to *Iron Chef* contestant Aarón Sanchez. How did you two meet?
We met at a mutual friend's dinner party back in 2009. We lived four doors down from each other on the same block for four years and had never met. We looked at each other, and it was like I'd known him forever. It was such a weird feeling—I can't even really explain it. I guess he felt the same way, because six months later we were married.

Does dating your neighbor speed up the relationship a little?
Definitely. And I think New York City living speeds up the relationship a little, because you realize, "I'm spending all this time at your place, and I'm paying all this rent. This doesn't really make sense."

I read an interview where he said he planned to impress you by cooking you dinner, but you beat him to the punch by singing for him.
He always tells that story! Here's the thing—if you can sing and play guitar for a man, you have him in your back pocket. Every woman should know what her attributes are.

What's your favorite way to spend a Saturday night?
I love to entertain. I love to have my artist friends over, and Aarón and I grill outside, get really good wine, and do a really amazing spread. People bring instruments and we get into a really great jam session all night long.

We'll keep an eye out for our invitation. What's your favorite food your husband cooks?
He cooks an amazing quinoa and grilled chicken with kale.

Uh, kale?
It's really yummy!

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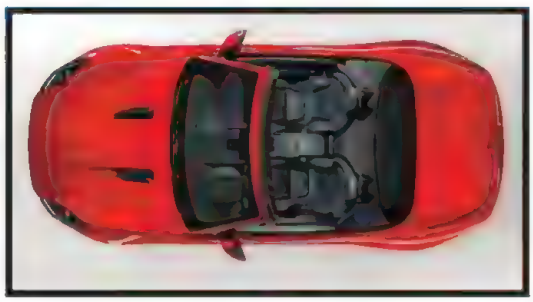
Fear This Feline

F stands for fetching—and fast. By Bill Heald



No matter how exciting a manufacturer's latest models may be, some marques will always be associated with a particular automobile from the past. Despite brilliant recent offerings, Aston Martin will forever be connected to the timeless silver DB5 driven by James Bond in the film *Goldfinger* (and recently reprised in *Skyfall*). Jeep and Land Rover have both expanded their lines into very luxurious, state-of-the-art SUVs, yet the first thing the names evoke is their rugged, original off-road warriors. And Jaguar, even though its uniquely styled sedans have gained considerable fame, will always be tied to its sensual E-type roadsters, especially the V-12-powered versions that were as technically fascinating as they were stunning to gaze upon. Jaguar has subtly embraced the lure of this timeless classic, blended it with the latest Jaguar concept exercises, and created the all-new F-type roadster.

This new roadster takes the latest engineering breakthroughs and wraps them in a shapely body that owes much of its visual design inspiration to the E-type. And while there are versions with an excellent supercharged V-6, to truly rock the jungle your cat should be the V-8 S version (which has the kind of teeth a true predator needs). This combination of power, comfort, and seductive styling is Jaguar at its finest, and demonstrates the company still can build a classy, iconic convertible in these tech-dominated times. "The F-type isn't designed to be like anyone else's sports car," explains Jaguar's global brand director, Adrian Hallmark. "It's a Jaguar sports car—ultraprecise, powerful, sensual, and, most of all, it feels alive."

The V-8 S has a big heart to keep its (and your) blood pumping: a five-liter, 495-horsepower supercharged V-8. If you've never experienced a vehicle with a supercharged engine, this one is intoxicating enough to make you a slave to the sound, feel, and muscle of such a brawny power plant. The potency of the rear-drive architecture is further enhanced by a QuickShift automatic gearbox (with no fewer than eight speeds) that learns a driver's input characteristics and optimizes shifting accordingly, based on 25 different internal programs. This transmission adapts constantly, depending on road and input parameters, and manual control is accessed via paddles on the steering wheel or by tapping the shift lever itself. This is but the tip of the iceberg of all the technologically advanced systems onboard, including a Dynamic Mode button that alters settings for more aggressive driving. It's all complemented by an optional Configurable Dynamics mode selector that allows the driver to fine-tune the steering feel, throttle response, and other elements. The car's Adaptive Dynamics suspension adjusts damping up to 500 times a second to tune response to the road and driver. The V-8 S also has the largest brake discs ever fitted to a production Jaguar, for those sad but unavoidable times when you have to rein the big cat in.

All this serious hardware is housed in a body and interior that celebrates all aspects of driving pleasure. Ian Callum, director of design, says, "To me, the definition of sports-car design is being fit for purpose, wrapping up the occupants and mechanicals in the most exciting, beautiful, and sensual package possible with no unnecessary surfaces or adornment." The stiff body structure uses aluminum and composites extensively, right down to the huge, one-piece "clamshell" front hood, which will stir the soul of any E-type aficionado. The interior is designed to be a cozy, performance-oriented roadster with a nod to purists, without neglecting luxury or technology. "A sports-car cockpit should be an intimate place, and so we aimed to get a sense of the surfaces falling toward and then wrapping around the driver," explains Callum. The glorious style and focused purpose of the E-type has been transformed into something even more dynamic for the twenty-first century, yet the new F-type has a similar kind of timeless allure. It's enough to make even old dogs into cat lovers.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Body style	Two-door convertible
Engine	Five-liter V-8
Power	550 horsepower
Torque	460 foot-pounds
Transmission	Eight-speed Quickshift automatic
Front tires	255/35 R20
Rear tires	295/30 R20
Curb weight	3,671 pounds

PERFORMANCE	
0–60	4.2 seconds
Top speed	186 mph
Fuel	15.4 gallons
EPA mpg	TBA
Base price	$92,000.00

The V-8 S's combination of power, comfort, and seductive styling is Jaguar at its finest.

THE V-TWIN BLACK STALLION

Suzuki builds a dark horse that loves the open road.

By Bill Heald

In the motorcycle world, cruising-style rides are popular for many reasons. Not least of these is their versatility, especially the ability to bolt on accessories and transform a street marauder into a cross-country touring machine. But to get the best touring mount (that still has a boulevard attitude), you need a bike that is built from the ground up for travel, and equipped with everything you need for the road, yet designed to complement the mystique of the long, low, laid-back cruiser ethos. Suzuki has taken one of its popular Boulevard cruisers and worked some touring magic by arming it for long-haul duty, but not before creating a cool styling treatment that transforms it into a very dark ride.

This big bike, called the Boulevard C90T B.O.S.S. (for Blacked-Out Special Suzuki), is a specialized version of an already handsome motorcycle, for in addition to a rich black paint scheme in the usual places such as the tank, fenders, etc., it has blacked-out engine covers, suspension components, exhaust-system plumbing, and many detail parts. The B.O.S.S. arrives highway-ready, with hard saddlebags that are suitably spacious and unlock with the ignition key. They also drive home the point that they are an integral part of the bike, and not mere bolt-on accessories. The specially designed windscreen provides protection from the wind draft at high speeds while allowing enough of a breeze to get through to minimize buffeting and keep you comfortable in warm weather. The twin seats are ergonomically tweaked for long days on the road, as well as allowing some freedom of movement. Big, broad floorboards are standard to give you more comfort than regular foot pegs.

Like all Suzuki's big displacement cruisers, the 1,462-cc V-twin engine is a very sophisticated unit that has a stable full of performance and refinement-enhancing features. The big twins from this company have a different feel and sound in a crowded genre of customs, and a peek at the C90T details reveals four-valve heads with twin spark plugs, and an unusual airbox that is actually three separate chambers to maximize power and torque regardless of rpm. The five-speed transmission has a light-effort clutch thanks to Suzuki's Clutch Assist System (SCAS), and the power is ultimately channeled through a clean, low-maintenance shaft drive. The suspension is biased toward ride quality, which helps quell fatigue when you spend long hours on the road. The beauty of the B.O.S.S. approach is to give you all the essentials and yet keep this as a very elemental, classic motorcycle without excessive techno clutter. The tank-mounted speedometer cluster includes a fuel gauge and gear-selection indicator as well as a clock, keeping things simple but still giving you what you need.

There's a lot to appreciate about this big hoss, for it's loaded both mechanically and comfort-wise to let you cruise with ease, whether it's across town or across state lines. The fact that it's a beautifully executed machine just adds to its attraction.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Engine type	Liquid-cooled, 54-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	96mm x 101mm
Displacement	1,462 cc
Fuel system	Fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Five-speed
Front suspension	47mm telescopic forks
Rear suspension	Single shock
Front brake	Single 310mm disc
Rear brake	Single 275mm disc
Front tire	130/90 B16
Rear tire	200/60 R16
Fuel tank	4.8-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	65.9 inches
Seat height	26.5 inches
Curb weight	800 pounds
Base price	$13,999

MIX MASTERS

Technologies collide in these killer combo gadgets. • By Crispin Boyer

Archos 97 Titanium HD tablet

Archos • $249

Cost is no longer an excuse for late adopters of tablet technology to delay any longer. Archos' Titanium line of Android tablets all offer respectable specs—Dual Core 1.6 gigahertz CPUs, Quad Core graphics processors, 1080p video recording via the built-in camera—in a solid aluminum form. More impressive is the budget price. The Archos 97 is half the cost of a next-generation iPad, yet it offers competitive functionality. Android's 4.1 Jelly Bean operating system runs more than 600,000 apps on Google Play, while games and movies pop to life in 2,048 by 1,536 resolution on the 9.7-inch screen.

Automower 230 ACX

Husqvarna • $2,700

A robotic lawn mower might sound like the ultimate sci-fi killing machine, but think of all the Saturdays you'll reclaim if you can overcome your fear of a blade-wielding automaton patrolling your yard. The Automower quietly cuts the grass, rain or shine, swerving around obstacles and turning when it reaches a wire buried along the yard's perimeter. Like a Roomba vacuum, the mower is electric and returns to its charging station every hour before re-deploying to finish the job. It will even send a text message if it gets in trouble. (Lest you think the mower is luring you into a trap, rest assured its special circular blade can't slice skin.)

Ezio Bluetooth 4.0 Smart Watch

Ezio • $150

Few crises put you into panic mode faster than misplacing your phone. Ezio's line of "smart jewelry" saves you from that "oh, shit" feeling. The 4.0 Smart Watch links to your smartphone and vibrates when the phone is no longer within a five- to ten-foot radius (for instance, if you leave it in a cab or back at the bar). The watch also vibrates and triggers an alert on its face when you receive a call, text, or email, so you can shove your phone in your pocket without fear of missing anything. It's available in stainless steel and with a leather band, making it sexy as well as smart.

PowerShot N

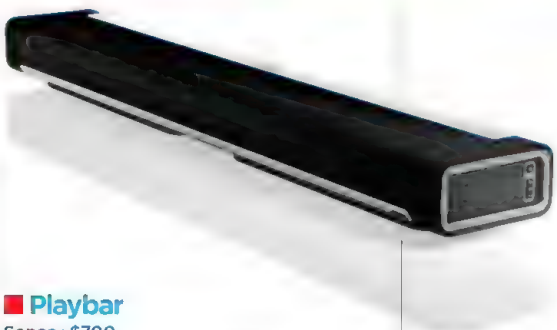
Canon • $300

When competing with the most popular cameras in America—the ones built into our smartphones—consumer-electronics makers can beat 'em or join 'em. Canon is taking the latter approach with this 12.1-megapixel camera, which is smaller than a pack of Camels. It combines the portability and connectivity of a smartphone with the photo-filtering features of Instagram. A special Creative Shot mode renders five bonus versions of every photo in various colors, crops, and styles, letting you share your favorite variant on social-networking sites via a link to your smartphone's internet connection. But, unlike your phone, the PowerShot N offers a tilting touch screen for framing self-portraits, plus a suite of correction features to perfect every photo.

BlackBerry Z10

BlackBerry • $200 with a two-year Verizon contract

Think of the Z10—a sleek smartphone heralding the rebirth of the once-ubiquitous BlackBerry—as an iPhone for the corporate crowd. The physical keyboard of the classic "crackberry" has been ripped off and replaced with a virtual one, but favorite business-friendly features remain or have been enhanced. You can now organize memos, schedules, and app files around specific projects, and BlackBerry Messenger lets you share what's on your screen with other contacts. The BlackBerry Hub integrates all your BBMs and work emails, while also letting you peek at your social-networking updates and personal emails—perfect for when you want to mix pleasure with business.



Playbar

Sonos • $700

This combines the space-saving functionality of a soundbar with Sonos' wireless music-streaming technology, so it might be the only audio system you need. It's pricey but powerful, packed with six midrange drivers and three tweeters to create a nearly full range of sound. Using a separately sold wireless bridge, you can pair it with other Sonos speakers (and the Sonos Sub if you can't live without room-rattling bass) for true wireless surround sound. But the Playbar's simulated surround effect is convincing enough on its own—an internal sensor even auto-adjusts depending on where you mount the unit in relation to your TV. And like all Sonos speakers, it streams from any source and every internet music service—all accessed via a simple smartphone interface.

Spectre ONE All-in-One desktop PC

HP • $1,300

The first wave of Windows 8–equipped devices hit last fall in the form of sleek touch-screen ultrabooks and hybrid tablets. Now it's the desktop's turn to show what Microsoft's gesture-driven operating system can do, and it appears that having a touch screen isn't so crucial after all. The Spectre ONE delivers a rich Windows 8 experience in a minimalist design that crams an i5 Core processor, NVIDIA graphics chip, and one-terabyte hard drive into the monitor's stand. The mouse, gesture trackpad, and keyboard (which, unfortunately, lacks a numeric keypad) are all wireless. Stow them out of sight and you have a 23-inch HDTV that doubles as your desktop computer.

Travelin' Man

Your destination is your business. Making sure you're properly outfitted is ours.

By Deirdre Goldbeck

Men's hybrid boardshorts

DryDudz.com • $75

There are almost as many kinds of boardshorts to choose from as there are waves, but Dry Dudz come with a removable liner that attaches to the waistband of the shorts. The four-way stretch fabric ensures you get a secure fit, has antibacterial properties to eliminate odor, and dries fast for your comfort. The small tab in the back of the liner fits securely into one of two slots in the band of the boardshorts, so you can wear them right at the waistline, or at a low-rise position. The shorts come in solids and prints, in sizes from 28- to 38-inch waist. Liners come in small to extra large. Boardshorts and liners can also be purchased separately.

Boat slip-on DLX

Adidas.com • $60

Even if boating isn't part of your itinerary, these kicks will come in handy. They're made of soft canvas, and have a pull tab on the heel and elastic inserts to help ease them on. Traxion rubber soles provide secure footing both indoors and out, and they weigh a mere six ounces, so they won't add significantly to your luggage weight. Best of all, they're great for walking around your hotel room. Going barefoot at home is fine, but why take chances on strange carpets? They come in black/chalk/tech grey or craft blue/chalk/vivid yellow canvas in full and half sizes 6 to 12, and 13 and 14.

Philips Norelco MultiGroom Pro QG3380

Amazon.com or Target.com • $70

This shaver is all you'll need to keep looking your best from head to toe. It comes with two foil shavers (body-groom and mini), three trimmers (full-size, precision, and ear and nose), and three different combs (hair, body, and stubble). It's shower-proof, and will run up to 50 minutes after a one-hour charge. A five-minute quick charge provides five minutes of use. You probably won't need to pack all of the attachments, but in case you do, there's a handy travel case to keep it all together.

Osprey luggage

OspreyPacks.com • Contrail 28-inch: $339; Contrail Courier: $119

The Contrail 28-inch takes luggage to an entirely new level. Inside you'll find the removable Flight-Locker, which has two front sections for small clothing items, a larger rear section, and a middle section for shirts and pants, and the entire piece can be slipped onto a hanger. Also included is a removable, hangable laundry bag for soiled or wet clothing. The suitcase itself has two external zippered pockets at the top and front for small, frequently used items, access to the main part of the bag with dual lockable zippers, four internal zippered sections, padded carry handles on the top and side, and a retractable pull handle. The bag measures 28 by 14 by 12 inches.

The Contrail Courier is perfect if you've managed to fill your suitcase and still have a few items left to pack. Of course, there's an adjustable shoulder strap, but the main feature is the Handle-It attachment flap. There's no slipping and sliding once you slide the flap onto the retractable handle of your wheeled luggage. The Courier has a padded sleeve to accommodate a 15.4-inch laptop and one for a tablet or electronic reader, two side zip pockets, a top zipper with lockable sliders, and an internal zip pocket with a document sleeve. Happy trails.

The Scrubba wash bag and traveler's kit

TheScrubba.com • $60; traveler's kit: $100

No one really wants to do laundry on vacation, but if you have to rinse something out, the Scrubba lets you do it anywhere, anytime. Just fill the bag with water, detergent, and clothes. Roll down the top of the bag and clip the ends. Open and squeeze the valve to deflate the bag, then press down and rub the clothes against the internal scrub board, and its flexible, raised nipples will gently help remove the dirt. Thirty seconds provides a quick wash; three minutes the equivalent of a machine wash. Remove the dirty water and replace with clean water to rinse. The traveler's kit comes with an absorbent towel to help wring out excess water, as well as a drying line.

Geneva Model XS

GenevaLab.com • $250

If you're interested in high-quality sound in a travel clock, this system hits all the right notes. Stream music from your iPod, iPhone, iPad, or any other Bluetooth-enabled device, and enjoy the superior sound quality powered by the built-in digital amplifier. Other features include digital FM tuner with auto search; a digital clock with alarm; LED display for volume, mode, and frequency; touch light controls; and an in-line jack for headphones. It comes with an AC adapter, and a rechargeable lithium battery. The system weighs 1.1 pounds, measures 6.2 by 1.6 inches closed, and comes in a durable, waterproof clamshell-style case in black, red, or white. This is more than just your average wake-up call.

Orvis accessories

Orvis.com • Rogue wallet: $49; carry-on "pointless" manicure set: $35

Screw up a pickpocket's day with a wallet specially made to fit comfortably in the front pocket of your pants. The slim design holds credit cards and bills, and is flat enough at 1/4-inch thick that it won't ruin the line of your pants. It measures five by three inches folded, and ten inches opened. And let's face it—anything is better than sitting lopsided with a bulge in the seat of your pants. The Rogue is made of brown leather and olive canvas. It also comes in plain brown leather.

There actually is a point to this "pointless" nail-grooming kit. Each implement is designed to pass through TSA checkpoints without incident. The set includes a blunt-edge nail file, pointless tweezers, a nail clipper, and a leather case with a magnetized interior to hold it all in place.

Pack-It Mobile Locker

EagleCreek.com • $38

Getting organized has never been easier. Open the two-way zipper and use the hide-away hook to hang the bag in a closet or behind a door. Inside, there are four separate zippered compartments. The top section has a mesh panel, the middle section is perfect for dirty laundry on your return trip, a small section can be used for accessories, and the bottom section holds a pair of shoes. The locker measures 15.5 by 11 by 5 inches closed, and 47 by 11 by 2.5 inches open.

iShot hidden camera

BrickHouseSecurity.com • $100

Ever wondered whether your belongings are safe in your hotel room? This travel clock with a built-in spy cam will give you peace of mind while you're out enjoying the sights. When fully charged, the motion-activated camera discreetly records up to ten hours of video, and has 30 days of standby power. It comes with a remote control, a USB cable for file transfers, and an AC adapter. It uses a Micro SD card (up to 32 gigabytes), which can be purchased separately.

TAKING ONE FOR THE TEAM

Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to deal when your girlfriend wants anal too much. (He'll even take care of that for you.)

After what felt like decades—but was really a couple of months—of hinting, nudging, and flat-out begging, my girlfriend finally agreed to let me slip it in her backdoor. (I'd never had anal sex, and she was a first timer, too.) Going into it, I was interested strictly in an "am I missing something?" way, and I'm pretty sure she agreed to try it just to shut me up. While it certainly wasn't awful, it wasn't as magically orgasmic as every porn film I've ever seen makes it out to be. I figure we tried it, we can check it off the bucket list, we're good.

Unfortunately, my girlfriend was totally into it. She wants it almost all the time, and now I'm begging to go back to just plain pussy. What do I do?

Oh, no, your girlfriend is into something sexually and you're not a fan. Alert the Mayans! We've pinpointed the true end of the world.

Here is some truth juice: She might act like she's in the throes of passion when she's shoving your pecker in her mouth, but we'd put good money on blowjobs not being the first bullet point on her list of favorite things. Those chicks who claim to love giving head generally get off on the pleasure it gives, not the pure joy of being nose-to-pubes for 20 minutes.

There are probably sexual tasks she's reluctant to perform, but she sucks it up (pun absolutely intended!) and takes one in the eye for the team. That's what a relationship is: a team. Sure, it's a very small team, but you have the shared goal of reaching climax as your championship game. (I'm now picturing an entire football team getting off at the same time on the field, and I can't stop laughing.) She does things you like, you do things she likes, and in the end everyone reaches the goal. Sadly, there are no cool trophies.

So your woman likes anal. There are worse things a woman can request sexually—trust me, *there are worse things*. Maybe you just need to give it another chance. (See last month's issue for a selection of toys that will help the two of you explore all the pleasurable options.)

But the important thing to take away from what I'm saying is this: Just do as you're asked once in a while. If you don't, another guy is going to take one for your team. In fact, why don't you just send me her number?

GO FOR THE GOLD

A pilgrimage to the Czech birthplace of pilsner shows that the country's crisp, flavorful beers have crafty company.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

Perhaps it would've been smarter to sleep than to drag my jet-lagged body to the bar and pound a beer. But beer was the very reason I had stuffed myself into coach and flown more than 12 hours to Prague, then drove about 90 minutes west to Plzeň, a handsome old city in the heart of the Czech Republic's historic Bohemia region.

Haven't heard of Plzeň? Join the pack. However, the city's alternative spelling might spark your synapses: Pilsen, the birthplace of the crisp, golden beer Pilsner Urquell. In the United States, Pilsner Urquell is often past its prime. Shipping a beer halfway around the globe hardly improves its quality, though the brewery is now cold-shipping Pilsner Urquell to keep it Czech-fresh.

In the Czech Republic, though, drinking Pilsner Urquell is a night-and-day experience, the difference between a grass-fed hamburger and a Big Mac. And there I was, sitting in Pilsen's Marriott hotel—the key cards featured Pilsner Urquell's logo—overlooking the baroque buildings, church spires piercing the bright blue sky, and, right across the street, the Pivovarské *muzeum* ("brewery museum"). It's attached to Šenk Na Parkánu, an old-fashioned pub that purportedly pours the freshest pilsner in Pilsen. I had to know for certain.

I pulled on a wrinkled T-shirt and booked over to the bar's patio. "One pivo," I ordered in my best (and only) Czech. As is customary in the Czech Republic, my waiter marked a slip of paper with a pencil (the traditional method of keeping track of the number of beers consumed) and sauntered off. He soon delivered a mug of Pilsner Urquell as golden as a Florida sunrise, capped by several fingers of creamy foam.

Unlike the bottled stuff, this was unfiltered and less than 30 days old. My first sip was a lightbulb moment: gorgeous grassy bitterness, a sharp hop bite, and a smidgen of malt sweetness. *Now* this *is Pilsner Urquell,* I thought, greedily gulping down my mug. The waiter returned. Another mark on the paper. Then he made another, and another, until my jet lag happily buzzed off.

In 1838, the people of Plzeň gathered in the town square and watched as barrels of beer were dumped out into the streets. It was a stinging indictment of the declining quality of the local product. Though Bohemians had brewed since the eleventh century, practice could not prevent

contamination and spoilage. A radical readjustment was required. A collective of independent brewers decided to build a new brewery designed to produce a new class of lager.

A facility was built abutting the Radbuza River, close to a well and perched above a sandstone foundation carved into caverns fit for cold storage. A young Bavarian lager brewer named Josef Groll was put in charge. He used the soft well water, aromatic Saaz hops, German lager yeast, and plenty of pale malts to create a thrilling new beer with a sparkling clarity, a color reminiscent of spun gold, an aromatic bouquet, and a light body. For European drinkers accustomed to dark, hazy brews, it was as if trumpets had sounded, heralding the arrival of Plzeň's singular new beer: Pilsner Urquell (Urquell is German for "original source"). The pale pilsner inspired a liquid revolution the world over. In droves, drinkers left the dark for the light.

"Here is where Pilsner Urquell began," says Václav Berka, the brewery's prodigiously bellied brewmaster. He's standing inside the brewery's double-arched stone gate (built to commemorate the brewery's 50th anniversary in 1892) and gesturing at the brewery's sprawling industrial campus, a water tower dominating the low-slung skyline. Berka leads us through buildings, pointing out a bottling line and brew kettles big enough to drown a football team. It's interesting, sure, but if you've seen one brewery, you've seen 'em all. I yawn. Berka notices.

"I have a feeling that mouths are thirsty and we should head to the cellar," he says. We descend underground into cold, damp sandstone cellars that stretch more than six miles. Once, every splash of Pilsner Urquell was fermented down here, inside massive oak and beechwood barrels waterproofed with pitch, a kind of resin. By the early 1990s, the brewery began switching from wood to stainless steel, though a handful of wooden fermenters remain. "Would you like to try authentic Pilsner Urquell?" Berka asks with an ear-to-ear grin. A wizened cellar worker, who looks like he last saw daylight in 1983, pours us mugs from the wood tanks. The crisp beer is a fresh revelation, a taste of 1842 in 2013.

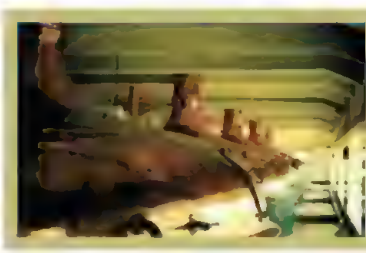
Czechs are among the world's heaviest drinkers, annually downing more than 130 liters of beer per capita. (Americans pound about 80 measly liters a year.) Many mugs are filled with Pilsner Urquell, and for good reason. At 4.4 percent alcohol by volume, pounding a half-dozen half-liter mugs is simple. But surely, some drinkers must tire of pilsner, right?

To find out, I head to Prague to meet beer expert Evan Rail, the author of *Why Beer Matters.* He offers to take me on a crawl of the capital's burgeoning craft-beer scene. We begin at První Pivní Tramway, a divey haunt at the terminus of the tramline in an industrial neighborhood named Spořilov.

"It's one of the first *čtvrtá pípa,* or 'fourth pipe,' pubs," Rail explains. Previously, bars' tap lines were controlled by mega-breweries that decided what beers were served. Recently, bars began adding an independent "fourth pipe" to pour beers from independent breweries. ("Fourth pipe" is more of a concept than a finite number—you could have a dozen "fourth pipes.") Tramway's fourth-pipe beers are a marvel. Primátor Weizenbier is a creamy, banana-scented hefeweizen that could have been at home in Germany. Permon IPA 14° is a hazy, tropical hop bomb, while Matuška California is an aromatic pale ale as good as anything poured on the West Coast.

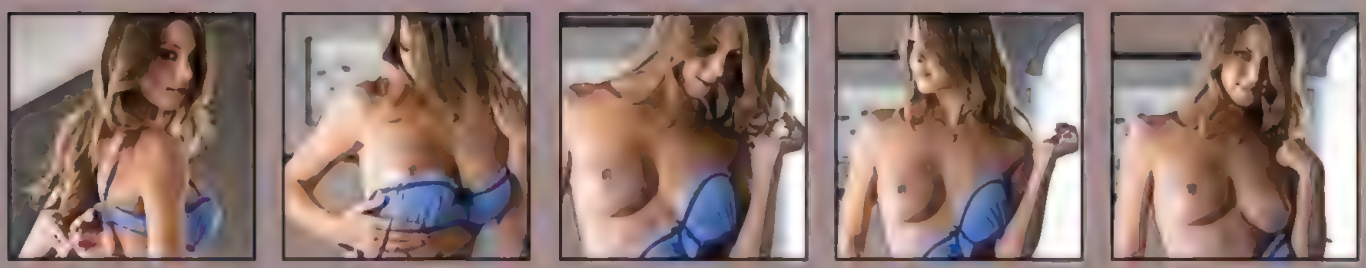
Next, we take the tram to Pivovar Bašta, a spacious and sunny brewpub serving great pork belly and even better beer. Světlé Speciál 12° is a fresh, unfiltered Bohemian pilsner, while Polotmavý Speciál 12° is a caramel-kissed, Vienna-style lager that I'd happily drink until last call. But Rail cuts me off after two mugs, ferrying me to the nearby Zlý Casy ("evil times," which Rail says is named after the Czech title of E. L. Doctorow's 1960 novel *Welcome to Hard Times*).

Contrary to the name, there's nothing evil about this bar. It's spread out over several winding floors, with an upstairs and downstairs bar, a beer garden, and an adjoining bottle shop. More than three dozen drafts are offered, including a range of Czech craft beers, and imports such as the Netherlands' Brouwerij de Molen, Germany's Mahr's, and even Maryland's Flying Dog. In the garden, we appropriate a picnic table and steadily sip black IPAs, dark lagers, aromatic hefeweizens, and imperial IPAs. It's a world of beer every bit as exciting as anything found in America. If I shut my eyes, I could be in a backyard in Brooklyn or Portland. I came to the country for Pilsner Urquell, the style's gold standard. What I also discovered is a world of wonderful Czech beers, every one worthy of a medal.



PHOTOGRAPHS (LEFT PAGE AND RIGHT, TOP THREE) COURTESY OF PILSNER URQUELL

she's out of this world

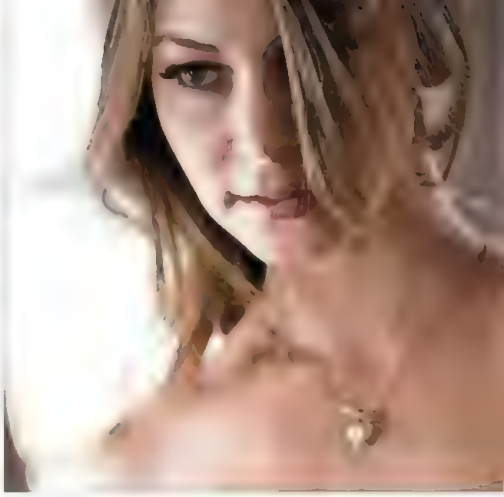


Twenty-three-year-old Amber Sym's stellar 36-24-34 body clearly deserves a spot in front of the camera, but this Michigan native is more than a pretty face and a great body. The marketing major also works on website design and promotional events: "I can be doing a photo shoot one day, computer work the next, then have a great brainstorming session with colleagues the day after that. And I enjoy it all. I pretty much have fun for a living."

Photographs by Mark Lit for Digital Desire

"I loved growing up in a small town. When I walked into a gas station or restaurant, I knew pretty much everyone working there. And there were some back roads that were fun for driving like a maniac."

I really admire Ryan Seacrest. He's got the
charm needed to be on camera and
also a great sense of busine
he's slowly taking over the



"The most remarkable sexual experience I've ever had was the first time I had an orgasm. And it's still remarkable every single time it happens."

"My favorite ways to work out are rock climbing, swimming, and sex. My favorite ways to relax are a hot bath, a good movie, and sex. Can you tell what my absolute favorite thing is?"

SEE MORE OF AMBER AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

Calendar Girl

Gina Elise's annual fund-raiser does more than showcase classic beauties, as worthwhile as that is. The calendar pays for medical necessities for our nation's wounded warriors.

By Jennifer Peters

In 2006, inspired by her grandfather's World War II military service—and the 1940s pinup aesthetic—UCLA graduate Gina Elise combined her passion for beauty with her desire to support the troops and created a new calendar that would benefit military hospitals: Pin-Ups for Vets. "There were a lot of stories about hospitals that were struggling to care for this huge influx of Iraq and Afghanistan veterans," Elise explains. "They were caring for the baby-boomer generation of veterans, who were aging and needed medical care, and all of a sudden they had all these younger veterans who needed health care, too."

Knowing that she couldn't sit idle while vets were suffering, Elise rounded up some creative friends—designers, artists, and photographers—and put together a pinup calendar to raise money for the hospitals. The group collected donations from vintage stores to outfit Elise, then scouted locations, eventually finding vintage bowling alleys and diners, plus World War II aircraft, that could be used for photo shoots. The result was the 2007 Pin-Ups for Vets calendar.

Elise and her volunteers raised $5,000 for the hospitals that first year—and they followed it up with a $15,000 donation in 2008. "I wanted to give to the hospitals because I knew it would have a direct impact on the veterans that needed health care," Elise says. "The donations are used to buy brand-new, state-of-the-art rehab equipment.

"I feel like I'm carrying the torch," Elise continues, "because my grandfather was a pharmacist for the military during World War II. He dealt with the medical care of our troops, and today I'm trying to improve their medical care as well."

Once she made the decision to raise money, a pinup calendar was an easy choice, as Elise was a lifelong fan of the classic style. "I think the 1940s pinup was a girl-next-door, but also very sexy, so it was a really unique style," she says. "I was really enthralled by the art form and what it did for the troops during World War II. It kind of gave them a reason to keep going and reminded them of back home. It was more than art. It went beyond that."

Creating the calendars was no simple feat, though. With Elise as the sole pinup, the assembled group of artists had to get creative in order to come up with 12 unique scenes. "Thanks to the magic of

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (ABOVE, BOTH) TIM HUNTER (RIGHT) AUSTIN YOUNG

Pinup patriot Shannon Tweed-Simmons

wigs and my amazing hair and makeup artists, up until [the 2012 calendar], I was the only model," Elise explains. "I was a blonde, a brunette, a redhead. I often got emails saying, 'Gina, thank all the girls for me.' People thought there were all these different girls in the calendar."

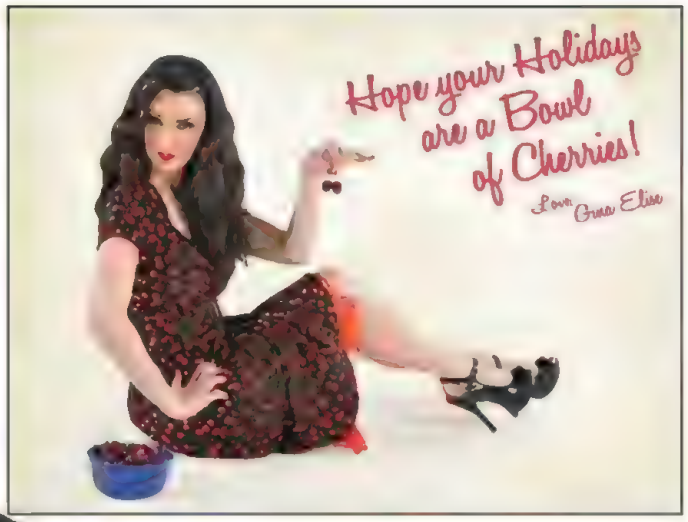
That all changed in 2012. As Elise and her team were prepping for the 2013 calendar, celebrity supporters stepped up to the plate. Shannon Tweed-Simmons, Gene Simmons's wife and one of the stars of the reality show *Gene Simmons: Family Jewels,* had asked to come with Elise on one of her hospital visits to meet wounded troops. The visit went so well—and the vets enjoyed meeting Tweed so much—that she was asked to pose, along with her daughter, Sophie, and her sister, Tracy. Other celebrities, like Bonnie-Jill Laflin, the NBA's only female scout—who's participated in 18 USO tours—and actress Meagan Tandy, soon followed. With strong ties to the military community already, the women were eager to give back in any way they could.

Tandy, whose father and uncle served in Vietnam, was enthusiastic about the Pin-Ups for Vets project. "I've developed great respect for those who have served and are currently serving," she says. "Anything that supports the men and women who have fought and continue to fight for our freedom, I will always support 100 percent."

Elise is interested in doing more than merely raising money, so she is currently in the middle of a nationwide tour of military and VA hospitals. Since 2007, Elise and her volunteer pinups have visited 38 hospitals in 24 states, and done more than 5,000 bedside visits with wounded warriors. They hand out calendars—donated by supporters through the organization's website—and thank them for their service. They also visit military bases in each city they travel through and send care packages to troops serving overseas, hoping to lift the spirits of active-duty soldiers as well.

"I had an appreciation for our troops because of my grandfather's service," Elise says, "but now that I've seen what they're dealing with, I appreciate them so much more. I've seen service members who are dealing with not just a single amputation but multiple amputations, severe burns, post-traumatic

You're the Icing on my Cake!
Love Gina Elise


Hope your Holidays are a Bowl of Cherries!
Love Gina Elise

stress disorder—they're dealing with so much. Despite the fact that they have so many challenges ahead of them, they're determined and motivated to move on with their lives, and I think that's really been inspirational for me."

Elise has visited Landstuhl Regional Medical Center in Germany, where injured troops from Iraq and Afghanistan are sent for treatment before flying back to the States for further care. She's seen soldiers fresh from the battlefield, before their families have even arrived, and describes it as "the most memorable experience" of her life. After visits, she receives dozens of emails and letters from fans thanking her. The sentiment is generally the same, summed up best by a recent letter-writer who told Elise, "It's pinup girls like you who have kept us going when death was looking us in the eyes."

Sergeant First Class Toby Nunn seconds that opinion: "Gina is a vision of beauty and grace, and her taking the time to make our lives better and brighter reminds us why we are in the fight, and gives us a reason to believe in our country and the folks back home."

"A lot of the veterans start to cry when they see us, especially the Vietnam-era veterans, because they didn't get the proper thanks when they came back," Elise adds. "I think that when we dress up we evoke this history, so it's almost like they're being transported back in time. When they see us, a lot of them will ask, 'Am I dreaming?' But it all comes down to supporting our troops and veterans, and I just want to keep doing that."

To donate a calendar to a wounded or active-duty soldier—or to buy one for yourself—visit PinUpsForVets.com.

Spring Fever!

Love, Gina Elise

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM HUNTER

SAVE THE DATE

These not-quite-pornographic 2013 calendars manage to be full of nudity and utterly, head-scratchingly bizarre at the same time.

By Christine Colby

1. Barenaked Caving Calendar

British photographer Laura Brown shot naked spelunkers, including herself, to benefit charities that rescue people who get stuck in caves. The nude adventurers are pictured in such scenic United Kingdom locations as Slaughterhouse Stream Cave and Giant's Hole.

2. The Lady Farmers Calendar

In publication since 1999 and inspired by a beef ban, this one features real farmers—on bales of hay, near tractors, and feeding goats—from all over the United Kingdom. They say it's about "injecting a bit of fun into a very difficult and challenging lifestyle." You may or may not be interested to know that there is also a men's version.

3. The Tynedale Hunt Calendar

Actual members of a female fox-hunting club bared all to raise money for a local charity, the Great North Air Ambulance. Shot by foxhunter Verity Johnson, the foxy ladies are pictured on horses, posing with equestrian gear, with groups of hounds, and, weirdly, wielding a chain saw.

4. The Naked Archaeologist

England's Reading University's Archaeology Society has produced this coed calendar, described as "fairly tasteful (but cheeky)," for several years to benefit their excavations. The students are shot in the buff, in their archaeological digs, getting down and dirty with shovels in hand.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT) VERITY JOHNSON; (TOP RIGHT) ALAN EIGEN

5. Girls and Corpses

This is published by the purveyor of the magazine of the same name, which, along with horror-themed content, offers "pictures of beautiful, scantily clad young beauties posing with hideous, decaying, festering corpses." Necro-tastic.

6. *The Walking Dead* Bikini Calendar

To promote the TV series, a South African ad agency put out a calendar of swimsuit-clad hotties on a beach, festooned with spots of decay and gory wounds. But the makeup is pretty low-budget, so rather than looking like alluring revenants, they just look a little scraped up. That's not sexy.

7. The Eizo Pinup Calendar

Models vamping and posing in sexy high-heel shoes ... sounds all right. Except these models were shot with an X-ray machine, so they're showing a little more than most pinups—their skeletons. The pictures also show some more softly rounded body parts, in silhouette, so if you can get over the grinning skulls, you may actually want to jump their bones.

8. The Ladies of Manure

The Fertile Earth Foundation wants you to become more aware of organic waste fertilizer, including, um, "humanure"—composted human shit—so they covered beautiful women in poo to get your attention. On their (funded!) Kickstarter page, one of the incentives to donate was a date with one of the models. Unsurprisingly, no one coughed up the grand necessary to win that date.

9. Re:design Holiday Calendar

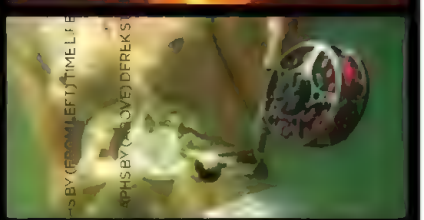
Graphic-design company re:design studio says their stock-photography searches always yield photos of scantily clad women, often in ridiculous situations. This tongue-in-cheek homage showcases, among other photos, a sultry woman licking a vacuum cleaner to commemorate Women's Day, and a sexy nurse representing World Hepatitis Day.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT) BEN THACKER, (RIGHT) PHOTO & GRAPHICS BY PIOTR FALENCIK/SHUTTERSTOCK.COM; (FAR RIGHT) OLIVIER PORTRAT

A Polish casket manufacturer is using seminude women to promote their products. The photos show fantastical tableaux, including the stairway to Heaven, caskets surrounding the sinking of the *Titanic*, and a woman pulling a man's heart out of his chest while a wolf howls in the background. The Catholic Church objected to the calendar, stating that human death should not be mixed up with sex.

Bonus: *Fisk & Fri* Fish Girls

For five years, this Danish fishing magazine has included a regular feature of somewhat artsy photographs of nude women posing with dead fish. Not a calendar, but we think it would make a great one, and based on the previous examples, there's no reason it couldn't be just as successful. And that's not a fish story!



NO COLD SHOULDER

This glacier guide knows how to turn up the heat at Iceland's tourist attractions.

As told to Ronnie Koenig

Women are intrigued by the fact that I make my living taking people on adventures in Iceland. When I'm standing on a glacier, showing a group of tourists the natural wonders that are everywhere here, it's pretty awesome. The added bonus is, being a tour guide has definitely helped me meet women. In fact, I meet gorgeous women from around the world on a daily basis. Whenever I take a tour group out, I have a foolproof method for getting laid: hit on the prettiest one of the bunch. Most guys will go for the least intimidating-looking girl, but in my experience, the really hot girls are often the most receptive, simply because guys are too afraid to ask them out.

A great example of this occurred last winter. I was taking a group out for a hike on a glacier. Cara was traveling with friends, but she was alone on my tour. I liked that she was confident enough to do the hike on her own, as it can be very physically challenging. She had dark hair, green eyes, and even through her layers of clothing, I could tell she had an amazing body. We flirted on the bus, then she took my arm as soon as we began the treacherous walk out onto the glacier.

"I want to show you something," I said, leading her away from the rest of the group. I let my coworker keep tabs on everyone else as I took Cara to a hidden-away spot to show her the glacier water that looks as blue as Windex.

"This is amazing, thank you for showing me this," she said, still holding on to my arm.

"Okay, your turn," I said.

"What?" she asked, looking at me as if I were crazy.

"Show me something amazing." I was trying to get her to laugh, while hoping for her to do something at least a little risqué, and I got lucky. Cara unzipped her parka and lifted three layers of shirts to reveal the most perfect pair of breasts I'd ever laid eyes on. Her nipples were erect from the cold and she was smiling at me, which got me hard quickly.

"How's that?" she asked.

"You're going to freeze," I said, pulling her close and putting my

When I had Brenda on all fours, fucking her from behind, Jen's hand caressed my balls. It was an absolutely amazing feeling.

mouth on her chest. As I kissed her tits and flicked her nipples with my tongue, she moaned with pleasure.

"Come inside me," she whispered.

It didn't take long for us to move aside enough clothing that, within an instant, my stiff erection was plunging into her warm pussy. The whole thing was over in just a few minutes, but it was the most intense sexual experience of my life.

The tourists I can usually count on for a good time are best friends traveling together. One time two American girls, Jen and Brenda, flirted with me throughout our hike on the glacier. Later that night, we happened to bump into one another on a trip to see the Northern Lights. "That's our hot tour guide from today," Jen announced when she saw me. "Come have a drink with us," they insisted.

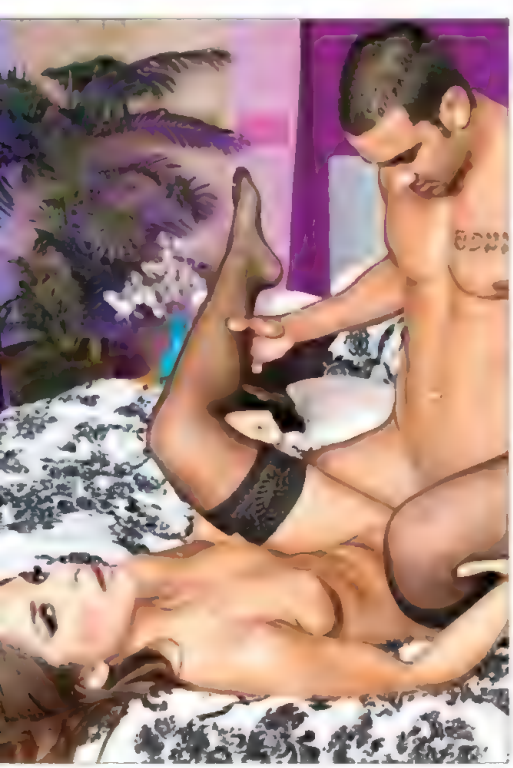
Over cocktails at the bar in their hotel, the girls turned the subject to sex. "We were hoping to meet some interesting men here, but so far no luck," said Brenda. She was the cuter of the two, short with long brown hair. Jen was taller and more athletic, and they both wore lots of eye makeup and low-cut shirts.

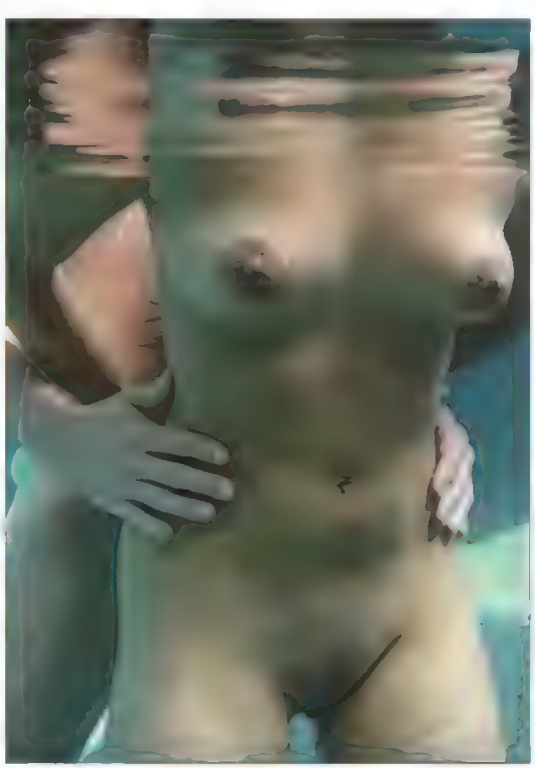
"Except you," Jen laughed, putting her hand on my knee. After another round of drinks, I suggested that we continue our party upstairs. Back in their room, Jen said that she had a boyfriend back home and didn't feel right about fooling around with me, but while Brenda and I made out, Jen lay down on the bed with us. It was strange, but also a real turn-on to have her watching, especially as things got going and I did some of the nastiest things imaginable with her best friend.

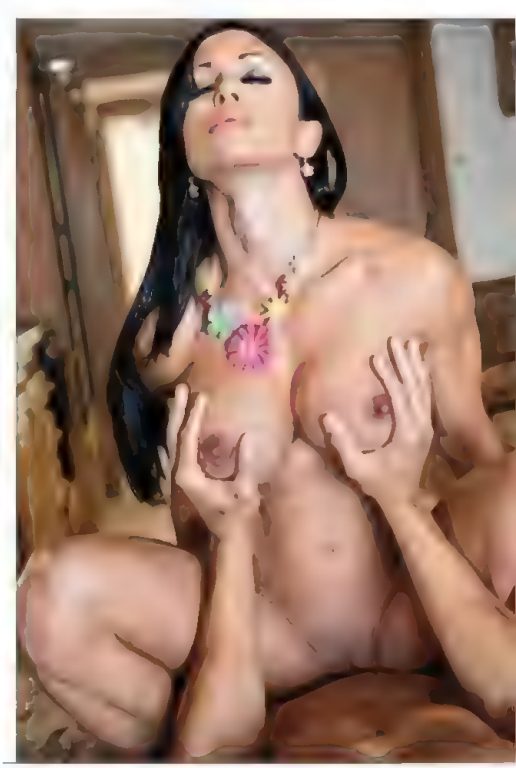
That's not to say Jen didn't participate at all. When I had Brenda on all fours, fucking her from behind, Jen's hand caressed my balls. It was an absolutely amazing feeling, fucking one girl while the other gave me that extra pleasure. Then, after I came all over Brenda's tits, Jen licked the come off her, nibbling on her nipples all the while. I had a feeling this wasn't the first time these two had done that, but I wasn't asking any questions.

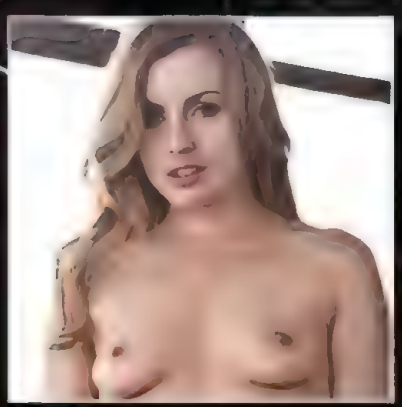
It doesn't happen often, but sometimes I get hired as a private tour guide, usually for a large group. I was hired for a week to show some people the main attractions of Iceland. On a stop at the Blue Lagoon, a geothermal spa, things got a little frisky in the water with one of the younger women in the group. She looked like she was in her early twenties, with a perfect bikini body and a sweet smile. We'd been making eye contact all day, and once we got in the water, she playfully grabbed my ass. I slipped my hand into her bikini bottom and rubbed her just the right way until she came. Getting tourists off isn't in my job description, but I didn't mind.

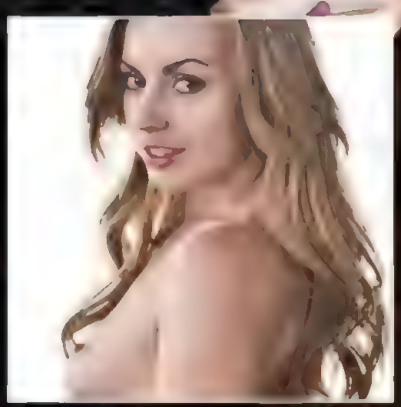
Later that week, I spent a lot of time talking with another woman in the group. She was older than me, probably in her fifties, but she was in great shape and had a wicked sense of humor. I've always had a crush on Susan Sarandon, and she looked a lot like her. We were out at a New Year's Eve celebration, and there was lots of drinking, crazy fireworks, a bonfire—you name it. Just before midnight, we broke away from the group. We began practicing our New Year's kiss and ended up back at my house, where we spent New Year's Day in bed together. When she called her daughter, I realized she was talking to the young lady I'd fingered in the lagoon! Now there's a running joke among my friends that I have the ability to seduce multiple generations of women. For me, it's all in a day's work, not to mention the best part of my job.

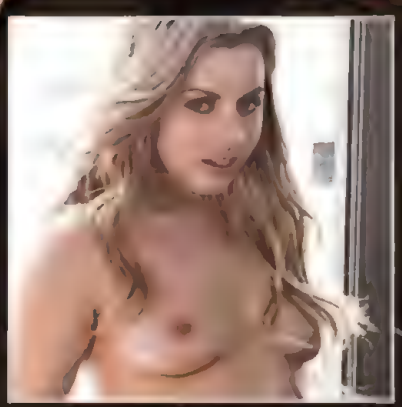












belle of the ball

Lexi Belle is an adult-industry veteran, but her appeal has never burned brighter. We're loving the new hint of red in her hair, the always stunning smile, and that incredible svelte figure. We're sure you'll love every inch of her, too.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker

"I've been in the adult industry for seven years now, and every year things get bigger and better. I love this business! At this point, it's all I know, and I'm okay with that."

"The most daring thing I've ever done—besides have sex on camera for the entire world to see—is skydive. Or maybe wander around in foreign countries."

"I have two ways of letting a man know what I want in bed: I either boss him around, or let him figure it out on his own. If he comes through on his own, he's a keeper."

LEXI BELLE
MAY 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH
THE BIG RIP

"My perfect man is tall, dark, and handsome, with a little mystery, but not too much. Old-fashioned and traditional usually win me over. And I love a great smile and a guy who knows how to use his cock."

LEXI BELLE
MAY 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Vital stats:
36-25-37; 5'2"
25 years old

Hometown:
Los Angeles.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
My family and friends live nearby, and I love to go out and explore all of Southern California.

Your favorite vacation spot:
Anytime I can get out of the city is a vacation, but I love to go up into the mountains and snowboard.

Favorite food:
Mexican. I can't ever get enough.

Favorite music:
I listen to a variety of punk, hardcore, electronic dance music, and classic rock.

Favorite workout:
Hiking, roller-skating, or biking. I like to get outdoors when I need a workout.

Favorite fantasy:
Definitely schoolgirl. I love it!

If you could have sex with anyone, past or present?
I've always thought it would be awesome to have sex with Adam Sandler.

You're always up for:
Cuddling and doing nothing with a lover.

You're never up for:
Karaoke. Don't even ask.

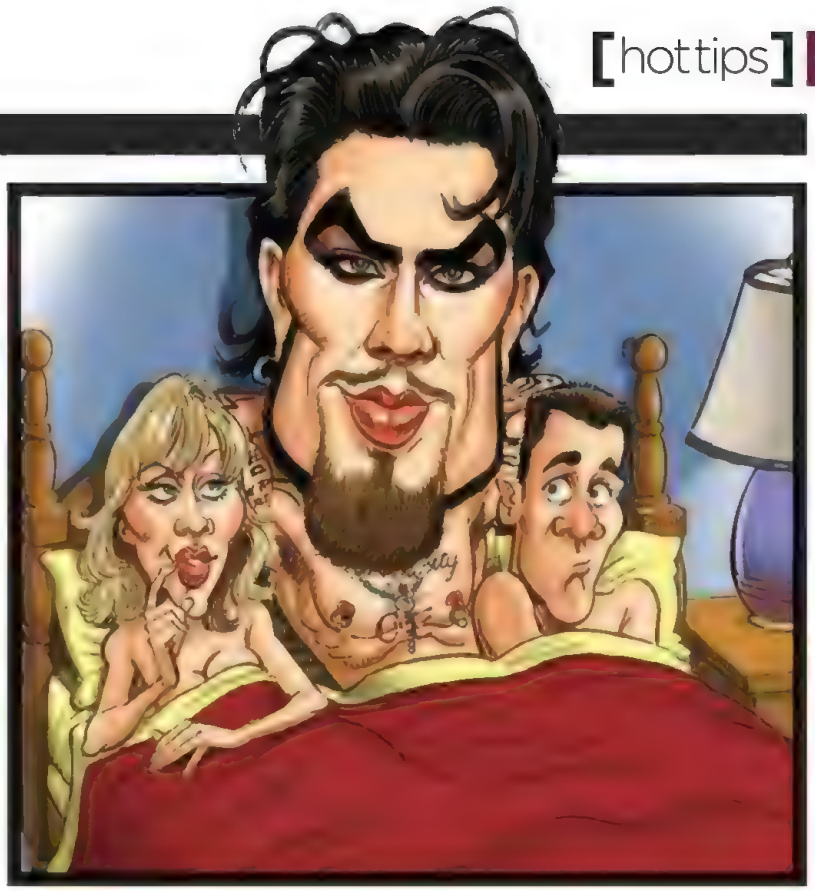
What gets you excited?
A lot of foreplay and teasing.

What gets you in trouble?
My tweets [follow Lexi on Twitter: @OMGItsLexi].

Describe your first time in three words:
Best. Birthday. Ever.

SEE MORE OF LEXI AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

nothing's shocking



"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro

■ Why is BDSM still so taboo?
Is it? I'm not so sure that it is anymore. Today it seems that the BDSM scene is more fashionable and palatable than ever before. There are clubs, clothes, and stores to purchase wares in just about every city, as well as an enormous online community. With a few minutes on the internet, one can easily find the way into some sort of fetish community or dungeon.

I remember when the scene was much more underground and a lot more fun. Sometimes I think that the things that are most taboo are the things most worth doing. It's good to learn that there's still a level of danger to some, like yourself, regarding the BDSM community. Perhaps I should dust off my size-12 high heels again.

■ When you roleplay in the bedroom, do you ever find that it comes out during other times or situations during your daily life or within your relationship?
Yes. Often when I don't get my way in real life, I pout like a little schoolgirl.

■ I have a really good friend who is like family to me. Her husband is really good friends with a woman he knows from school. Lately, their friendship (the husband and school friend) seems a bit too close for comfort. My friend works a few different jobs, so she is rarely at home. Do I bring up my concerns to her?
I would stay out of it. The truth is that you really have no evidence of wrongdoing except for how it *seems* to you. Hold off on saying anything to her until you actually become aware of them crossing a line, and even then you may want to approach the husband rather than the wife. It's a tricky situation for sure, but the fact remains that none of it has anything to do with you. These are married grown-ups who have made their own decisions to live and love one another. They took the vows, not you. Approaching the wife could potentially shatter the marriage, your friendship with the couple, and their friendship with the schoolmate.

■ Why don't some girls like swallowing? I always feel a little let down when they don't.
I guess it's just a personal preference. I don't know. For me? I honestly don't care what they do with it. Swallow it, spit it out, spill it into a tissue or a glass by the bed.... All are good as far as I'm concerned. I know some men like to see their partner swallow, so I'm not speaking for the masses, but for me, as long as the ejaculate isn't in my system anymore I don't take issue. Let's be honest, we aren't shooting porn here. The girl was kind enough to take your penis into her mouth for what probably seemed like an eternity, and had to utilize her stamina, strength, and coordination to complete the service. She's working her head, mouth, neck, tongue, hands, etc. Must be exhausting. I think I can cut her a break after all is said and done. If she wants to swallow, that's fine of course, but I'm really not counting on it. This may be due to the fact that almost instantly after ejaculation I'm already thinking about throwing on *Dateline* and getting lost in a pint of ice cream.

■ I have been able to make all the girls I've been with squirt when they come. Is it my technique, or do I have an uncanny ability to pick women who can do this naturally?
It could be due to a number of things, the main one being the curvature of your penis. If the penis curves upward, it's more likely to stimulate the G spot and/or apply pressure on the bladder. There are a few theories about what is happening when a woman squirts. Some say the ejaculate is urine, others claim it isn't, and then some say it's a combination of several fluids. All women have the capacity to squirt because they all have the anatomy; however, some respond to the stimulation and some don't. I'm willing to bet that you have the physical assets to make it happen *and* the odd ability to find women who can do it.
[*Editor's note:* To read more about making women squirt, see "The Squirt Meister," on page 88.]

Submit your questions for Dave at PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips.

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM RICHMOND

6 WAYS TO MURDER A RICKSHAW

This vacation-challenged writer and his buddies set out to race more than 2,300 miles in a broken-ass rickshaw. Things go about as well as you'd expect.

By John Rico

Rickshaw No. 14 was decrepit, coated in cheap black house paint that barely hid the rust that had accumulated over more than 30 years. Its side mirrors hung loose. It was a pathetic, slumping, three-wheeled metal cage with a driver's seat in front and space for two passengers in the rear, above an engine held together with duct tape. An investigation of the vehicle quickly uncovered a lack of mechanical upkeep: We found a broken speedometer and gas gauge, headlights and tail lights that failed to turn on, turn signals that didn't blink, and an engine that protested the most minor duty with a high-pitched whine.

Sean, Eric, and I stood silently in the beach parking lot—23 other rickshaws parked around us—as we contemplated our vehicle and the journey before us. We had precious few weeks of paid vacation each year, and we were spending two of them on 16-hour days of continuous driving, traveling more than 2,300 miles across the Indonesian islands of Bali, Java, and Sumatra. There was no prize money at stake, and the race organizers had emphasized that we had a low probability of successfully completing the rally, what with the atrocious condition of the vehicles, the lack of spare parts on the islands, and the general dilapidated infrastructure that is indigenous to Third World countries.

And that was the appeal: that we

would break down and get stranded in the middle of the jungle on our way to the port city of Medan, an industrial metropolis that's famous only for its pollution and traffic jams. It's the sort of city that rational vacationers flee, not race toward. With the three of us firmly entrenched in the world of white-collar work, our lack of mechanical aptitude seemed to ensure that when we did break down, it would be disastrous. That made me smile. I like awful vacations.

It was for a good cause, of course. It was a charitable rally intended to help save Indonesian rain forests. And there we were, the American assholes who hadn't raised a dime.

My addiction to discomfort began a decade earlier, in the Army. During a deployment to Afghanistan while serving in the infantry, I learned what humans are really capable of enduring: insufferable road marches at high altitude carrying 80 pounds of gear, or pulling guard duty in extreme heat and cold while dealing with sleep and calorie deprivation that would make most medical-school interns cry—all while living through perpetual attack from Taliban forces.

My working theory is that Afghanistan set the bar for deprivation: If I had gone three days without sleeping in Afghanistan, then for the rest of my life going without sleep for two days should be easy. And in the years following my discharge from the Army, I found myself falling into a pattern of taking self-induced abusive trips. While friends and family went on Caribbean cruises and flew to Las Vegas for getaways, I drove 10,000 miles through 19 countries from London to Mongolia in a 20-year-old, two-liter-engine Nissan Micra that I wouldn't have entrusted to safely deliver my grandmother to the store. I backpacked through Lebanon, Central Africa, and Central America, and paid a quick visit to Antarctica to see what real cold felt like.

Eric and Sean were like me. They had risked their lives, spending small fortunes in the process, in the pursuit of risk, adventure, and discomfort. Given our collective past, the idea of failure never even crossed our minds.

It definitely should have.

It was early October 2012, and while the Indonesian capital of Jakarta was awash with angry Muslims burning American flags and effigies of President Obama in response to a YouTube video that had insulted the Prophet Muhammad, the locals in Bali, where the rickshaw teams were preparing to start the rally, were just laughing at an odd assortment of Westerners.

The Trident Thunderbolts—who arrived at the starting line an hour late—were massively hungover. Blowie, Sergeant Buzz, and Captain Stagg, Australian oil-rig workers who adventured together in the off-season, were dressed as old-time British explorers. The Wallace Monumental, a trio of fiftysomething Scotsmen dressed in kilts, were lifelong friends who had made a habit of these sort of expeditions—Kilimanjaro one year, Patagonia the next. So what if it had cost them a few marriages along the way? Then there were the two Spaniards starting a yearlong trip around the world, who admitted they had only enough money for two months; it was a shortfall they planned to make up by performing as street magicians and hypnotists.

Vicki, a cute British redhead working for the organizers, walked the length of the line of rickshaws, then waved her arms and blew an air horn, signaling that the adventure had begun. The rickshaws started pulling away like a herd of turtles. Hell, ours stalled out three times before the engine caught, emitting a high-pitched whine as it lurched onto the road. I glanced behind to see four teams still at the starting line, unable to get their vehicle started.

For some, the rally was over quickly.

The line of circus cars drove together through the city streets, weaving between Bali's luxury hotels and trendy restaurants, but the flood of motorcycles and rapid-punch traffic lights quickly separated us from one another. Eric was driving as Sean and I high-fived in the backseat, sticking our heads out of the rickshaw as we waved at passersby, exultant at beginning our adventure.

Just outside the city, we slowed to a stop after seeing a bright-orange rickshaw on the side of the road. Two Dutch girls stood with vaguely stunned looks on their faces as their rickshaw billowed black smoke. We stayed with them for a minute, commiserating about how awful it was, before realizing that we could do nothing to help them. I'd later be told that they broke down 15 times just on the tiny island of Bali.

Back on the road, we laughed about how much it would suck to be

The rickshaws started pulling away like a herd of turtles. I saw four teams unable to get their vehicle started.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY CANDACE RARDON/THE ADVENTURISTS

having mechanical problems this early on. Just then Eric began to drive the rickshaw down a steep, winding road. A second later, he turned back to yell at us with a nervous grimace: "Uh, guys? I think the accelerator is stuck!" And then more decisively: "The fucking gas is stuck on!" Sean and I shared a look of quiet horror as we sped up exponentially. Exponential acceleration was a problem we didn't know how to solve.

Eric reached down and pulled the gas pedal up from the floor, and the rickshaw slowed; he turned around with a reassuring laugh to explain, "When you're driving, to ease off the gas, just lift the pedal off the floor with your hand, because it doesn't bounce back automatically."

Sean and I shared another look. This seemed like something that could have interesting implications for the two weeks of driving ahead of us. In the front seat, Eric pumped his leg vigorously before standing up to put all his body weight onto one of the pedals. He turned his head back around and added, "Brakes don't really work either."

The sun was setting as the rusted ferry docked on the island of Java. A newly married couple from Britain, glistening with sweat and a muted brown glow from the pollution on the road, explained that they had passed about a dozen broken-down teams in Bali. The way I figured it, natural attrition had already placed us in the pole position. We said good-bye to the honeymooners and re-entered the rickshaw as the ferry loading ramp started to lower. We were now on a massive 650-mile-long oval in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, just north of Australia. Whereas we had completed the island of Bali in a single day, we expected that Java would take the better part of a week.

Sean drove into the town of Banyuwangi as evening began to steal over the jungle. Given our nonfunctional headlights, our driving time was limited to daylight hours. Whereas Bali had been all beaches and waterfalls, volcano-strewn Java appeared to be a curious mix of rural and industrial blighted poverty. The town's only hotel cost ten American dollars a night, its beds not much more than plywood covered by thin cushions. There were no restaurants to get dinner, but we did find a roadside shack assembled from plywood and corrugated metal sheeting. Inside, the proprietor had plastic bowls of old meat being circled by flies. The glass display case was covered in grime. For drinking water, there was a plastic bucket of rust-colored water. This was pretty much representative of the meals that were available for the rest of the trip.

Eric and Sean briefly discussed it and concluded that cooking the meat would neutralize the bacterium, thus the grime was really just a matter of aesthetics. They ordered shrimp and barbecued chicken. I ordered white rice and a coke. That night, the end of day one, all three of us were making frantic runs to the bathroom, a condition that did not abate during our stay in Indonesia.

In the early hours of the morning, as I gripped the fetid toilet bowl, roaches scurrying beneath me, house lizards on the wall chirping above me, I realized, with dawning trepidation, that something was different from my previous adventure holidays. Specifically, my superpowers were gone.

Explaining my superpowers to those who haven't served in a combat zone is a difficult thing. The short version is that the Army had given me powers of invulnerability. I had been transformed from the guy in high school always picked last for gym class to someone who was able to hammer out 97 push-ups at the drop of a hat. I was still tall and skinny to the outside world, but in the Army, I never got sick, I didn't experience motion sickness or jet lag, I was able to go days without sleep, and when I did finally catch a nap, I could do it any time and anywhere, curling up on a cold floor or a rocky crevice just as if it were a plush down comforter.

But as I stared into the amber-stained toilet bowl, I realized that —just like that—my powers had gone. I was now sickly and ill. I felt tired and longed for comfort. The idea of so much accumulated discomfort waiting ahead on this trip made me anxious. Maybe it was because the Army was now seven years in the past, increasingly becoming less a part of my daily identity and more a distant memory. Maybe it was that I had just passed 35 years of age, that quintessential marker of middle age.

In any case, my entire frame of reference for conceptualizing our trip

had just shifted. I was no longer confident and excited about the prospect of spending the next two weeks on the road in uncomfortable conditions. The new feeling I was experiencing was fear.

On day three, it poured most of the morning. Since we didn't have anyplace on the rickshaw to hide, we drove soaking wet. Sean played mangled blues riffs on his harmonica between lines of lament as Eric drove. "I've got the rickshaw blues so *baaad*!" Riff. "It's raining in Indonesia, and we're *driiiving*!" Riff. "I hate everything." Riff.

Sean's off-note melodies didn't bother Eric or me for the simple reason that we couldn't hear anything. This was the first of three horrible discoveries I had made by lunch the previous day. The audio vortex of wind and rain, horns from the other vehicles, and the perpetual whine of our engine forced us into a partitioned privacy; essentially we would be unable to communicate. When we had spoken about the rally before the trip, it had been imagined as a long drive in which we'd immerse ourselves in conversation and laugh at one another's jokes, a grand reunion of old friends. Instead, we would be spending two weeks not talking.

"This rickshaw is rattling my brain!" Riff. The rickshaw was rattling all of our brains. Literally.

That was my second horrible discovery. Mild traumatic brain injury is caused by linear, rotational, or angular shocks to the brain that occur when the cerebrospinal fluid in your skull sloshes the wrong way inside the skull, leaving your brain unprotected. The Rickshaw Run forced a perpetual onslaught of linear, rotational, and angular shocks to our heads. With each of us more than six feet tall, we weren't so much sitting in the rickshaw as folded carefully inside it, which meant that the bumps of the crappy highway smashed our heads onto the interior metal frame of the rickshaw every few minutes.

But I was more worried about my back. By the time I'd left the Army, I had been given the parting gift of degenerative disc disease between the L4-5 and L5-S1 vertebrae, a diagnosis which basically meant I had carried too much shit on my back as we had chased bad guys through the mountains of Afghanistan. This, in turn, had led to a habit of popping too many pain pills. The constant jarring in the rickshaw from bouncing up and down over each of the 46,000 potholes that littered the Indonesian highway system from Bali to our present location had offered my spine the very sort of rapid compressions that I was supposed to be avoiding.

But, back to my horrible discoveries: The third was that the equatorial heat was insufferable even in October, even if it was raining. The heat caused your T-shirt to cling tight to your body, soaked through with sweat, by 9 A.M. As we had each brought only a single change of clothes, we would be basking and fermenting in our own filth for two weeks.

Collectively, it all added up to what I imagine would be the most effective form of enhanced interrogation ever: 16-hour shifts crammed into an uncomfortable space while jostling up and down and getting beat around the head, while being exposed to repetitive white noise and extreme temperatures, while physically ill—all while maintaining a steadfast vigilance on the road, so as not to be run over by a fast-moving truck.

Eric pulled to the side of the road to stretch his legs. We all piled out of the rickshaw and ate some peanuts as we cast angry glances back at the instrument of torture, which we had taken to calling Death. Sean said it first: "This is the worst vacation I've ever taken. I don't understand why we're doing this." He looked at me and added, "What are we trying to prove?" He wasn't being sarcastic; it was a sincere question.

None of us spoke, the justifications and motivations we had summoned just days earlier forgotten. We could not remember why we'd thought this was a good idea.

Later on day three, we met another rickshaw team on the side of the road. Their eyes were bloodshot, their voices haggard and weary. They explained that they had neither slept nor eaten for 48 hours. Their rickshaw had already required a new radiator and their engine had caught fire. "We thought about letting it burn," they said with sly smiles.

By the end of day five, time had ceased to exist in any meaningful sense. Sean was at the wheel, listless and inert as a semi started to change lanes into the space we were

Very soon Death would be dying, and that would mean we would have to bypass the laws of physics and drive for 28 hours each day to finish.

occupying. Sean jerked to attention and pulled hard on the wheel, sending us skidding onto the gravel shoulder of the road as the rickshaw stalled out. These close encounters were becoming an hourly affair, far too routine. (We didn't yet know it, but two other teams had been medically evacuated, one because a windshield shattered in the face of the driver after a collision, the other after driving off a mountain cliff due to faulty brakes.)

The three of us sat in the dirt. For a long moment we simply appreciated the copious amounts of oxygen that exist when you aren't behind a smog-spewing semi. Sean rolled out our ripped map of Indonesia and estimated the mileage left to go as I popped some pain pills. While our hours had been long, our distance traveled had been poor as we had found ourselves limping along in traffic, victim to the lack of infrastructure and a slowly rising standard of living that had seemingly left each of Indonesia's 250 million citizens in possession of a scooter. Still, the distance left looked manageable—until we flipped the map over and realized that we had gone only a quarter of the way across Java.

And if we ever got off Java, we still had Sumatra to cover, an island of equal size that was supposed to be the "bad" island, where the roads were *really* fucked up and the going would get slow. Sean quietly folded the map, a despondent glaze coming to his face. I popped some more pills.

"There's no way we can do it!" Sean yelled angrily. "We have too far to go. The only way we can do this is if we start doing some 24-hour days, two people sleeping, one driving, never stopping except for gas—and that's if nothing goes wrong!"

Our eyes moved to our rickshaw. Death had been making more frequent painful noises every time we attempted to switch gears. Death had strange hoses hanging down from the engine that previously hadn't existed. We all knew we were on borrowed time. Very soon Death would be dying, and that would cost us more time. That would mean we would have to bypass the laws of physics and drive for 28 hours each day to finish.

"I'm not doing too well," I said to no one in particular. I hadn't eaten much in the past few days and was noticing my already skinny frame starting to shed weight that I couldn't afford to lose. Sean and Eric nodded in understanding. They had spent the past two days expunging fluids from both ends of their bodies, which had caused severe dehydration. They were also sleep-deprived, but that barely seemed to merit attention.

"Are we weaker than we were four years ago?" Eric asked, thinking back to our last adventure together.

"Yeah, it was just four years, but some years weigh more than others," I replied. Middle age wasn't a fucking joke. Motorcycles whizzed by us as we considered our options. We all wanted to quit, but no one said it.

We had purposefully chosen to participate in a horrible vacation. If we had wanted peace, we would have gone to a beach, got drunk, and made love to our wives. Instead, we had chosen to escort this barely serviceable metal cage of death across a country. We were getting exactly what we'd wanted.

But it wasn't fun anymore. I wondered, for the first time in my life, if this is what it meant to be a grown-up.

That night, I stared at the ceiling of another squalid hotel from my blanket on the floor. In the Army, we were taught not to quit. Those who fell out of runs or road marches were ostracized. Those who failed schools like Airborne or Air Assault were derided as weak. You were taught not to quit for good reason: You couldn't give up in the mountains of Afghanistan. And that was my instinctual reaction: *If I quit, I'm weak.*

But then, a second thought, buried deep in my head, spoke up: *You're on vacation, asshole.* Truth be told, I had been miserable on all my vacations. I was perpetually re-creating the discomfort of the war on one vacation after another, like a PTSD victim trapped in reliving the experience. It was time to stop punishing myself.

I turned on the lights, waking Sean

and Eric. They propped themselves up on elbows and squinted at me. "I want to quit," I said quietly. Eric and Sean nodded in concurrence.

It felt liberating to quit and we quickly woke and dressed, excited. Our first thoughts were of abandoning Death at our hotel and taking a taxi to the airport.

Abandonment, though, wasn't an option. The rally organizers had wisely required a $1,600 security deposit to ensure a handover of their godforsaken vehicle at the finish line. And that was just the starting costs. If you didn't finish, they also billed you for the cost of flying a staff member to wherever you had left the vehicle, staff that would then drive the rickshaw to the finish line so that it could be used by the next team in the spring. And we all knew they wouldn't be busting their ass to get it to the finish line in two weeks. You didn't bust your ass when you were on someone else's dime. That bill could run into the thousands of dollars. That was money none of us had.

Sean leaned in close and whispered, "Let's blow the fucker up!"

We spent day six at the hotel studying maps and discussing plans. We had realized that if the rickshaw could be driven, towed, or pulled to the finish line, we were responsible for it. But if it blew up, crashed over a mountainside, or was stolen, it would be written off, courtesy of the organizers' insurance policy. We needed to fall into that second category.

We devised plans for "accidental" electrical fires, for our rickshaw to be stolen, and for crashes on steep mountain roads. Periodically, Eric would run out to the rickshaw in the parking lot to peer under the carriage at the gas tank and check things out. In the late afternoon, Sean and I drove around the edge of town, scouting out locations for a horrible accident that would almost kill three Americans while destroying Death. In total, we developed six different ways to murder our rickshaw. But each plan had too many weaknesses.

The discussion for planning the theft of a rickshaw went like this: How would the rickshaw get stolen without the keys? We copy the keys, leave the copy in the ignition, park it in Jakarta, and wait for someone to steal it. But what if the police get the rickshaw back? How do we explain making a copy of the key? What if we just leave our key in the ignition? If the theft is our fault, does that violate the insurance policy? Also, why would anyone steal this thing?

Then there was the plan to stage an accident: Do we find a cliff and push it over the edge? What if the police reconstruct the crime scene and realize we're lying? The police won't do that. This is the Third World; they don't have the resources or the skills. But what if someone sees us, some farmer in a field? We call the farmer a liar. But they put people to death here for all sorts of things. What if they catch us trying to commit fraud?

By the early evening, we had decided on nothing, made no progress, only grown progressively more ill. A sense of panic began to grip us. Then Eric shot up from the floor where he had been bashing a pillow over his head in mock rage. "Fuck," he said. "We just ship the goddamn thing. We just put it on a boat and ship the goddamn thing."

Using iPhones and the weak, rogue Wi-Fi signal available at an odd angle in the hotel lobby, it took us only four and a half hours of Google searches to establish that shipping connections did exist between Surabaya and Medan. The next morning, we finished the drive to Surabaya and headed to the shore, shouting out to other drivers, "Which way to the ocean?"

We pulled to a stop in front of a travel agent, the travel agent called in a neighbor who spoke English, the English-speaking neighbor made some calls and gave us an address, and at that address we found a shipping company that would send our rickshaw to Medan for $600. They were eager to help us because they thought we were participating in the television show *The Amazing Race,* an assumption we didn't correct. A young man from the shipping company let us follow him to the port, and everyone at the port was so amused by Americans loading a rusted-out rickshaw into a shipping container that we were given top priority and applauded by a small but enthusiastic crowd of well-wishers.

The three of us stood in the doorway of the shipping container, basking in the applause that we felt we'd earned, and just like that, for us, the rally was over.

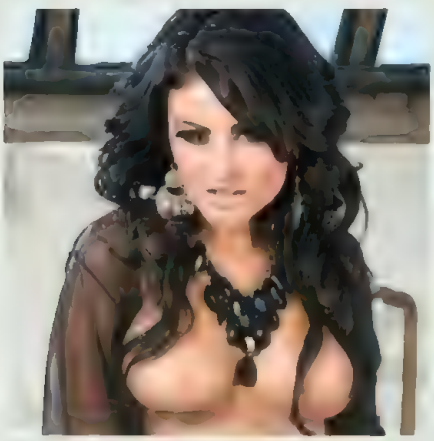
We had a taxi driver take us to the most expensive Western hotel in the city. We lounged at the pool, had cheeseburgers for dinner, and massages after. We waited until before we went to bed to call Vicki so that we could increase our chances of not having anyone pick up the phone, as we explained that the rickshaw was en route, but that she might have to drive to the docks to pick it up. (As it would turn out, not a single team would make it to Medan.)

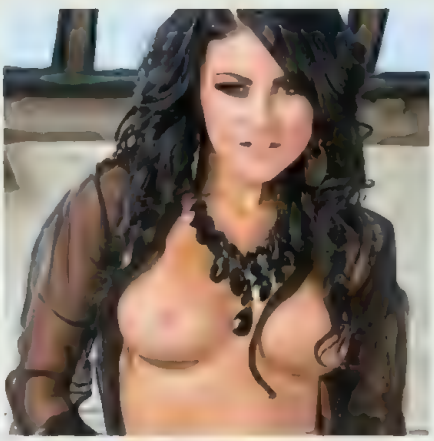
A week later, at the airport, Eric asked what we thought of the idea of going to Iraq for our next vacation. Apparently, tourists are starting to return, and he thought it could be fun to get in there early, before it became a travel destination. Sean and I immediately agreed.

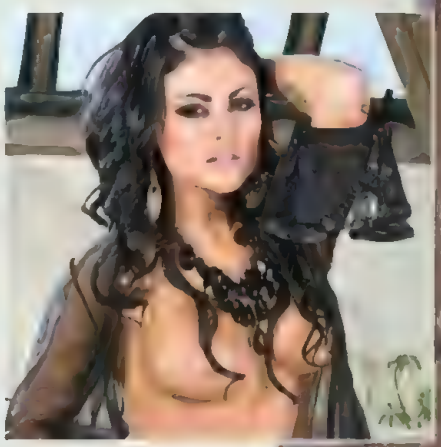
a-town aphrodite

Amy Kate, a 21-year-old beauty from Allentown, Pennsylvania, is ecstatic about these photos of her heart-stopping 34-26-34 curves. "Working as a bartender in a strip club, I meet a lot of guys—and girls—who want to see me naked," she says. "I can't wait to see their reactions to this pictorial. I love doing things that shock people!"

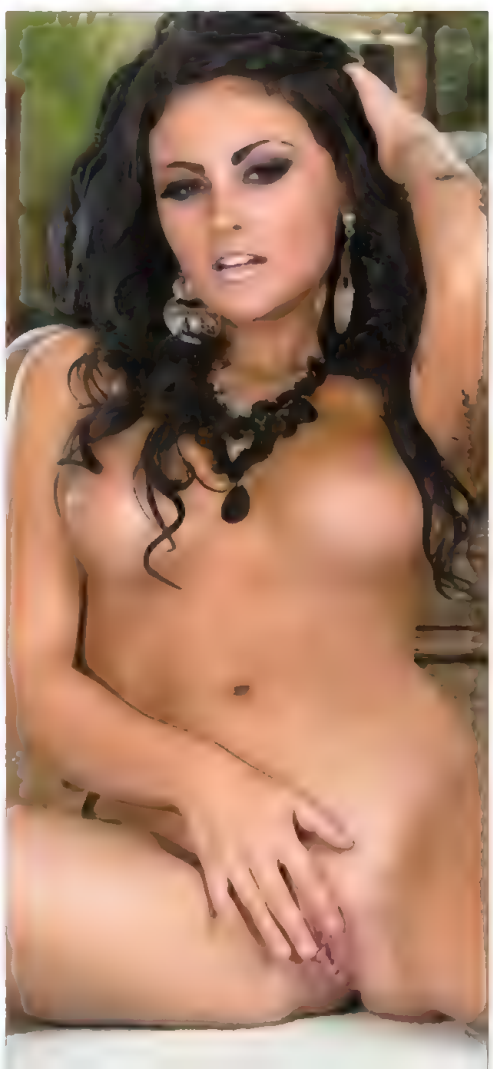
Photographs by Harry Connor





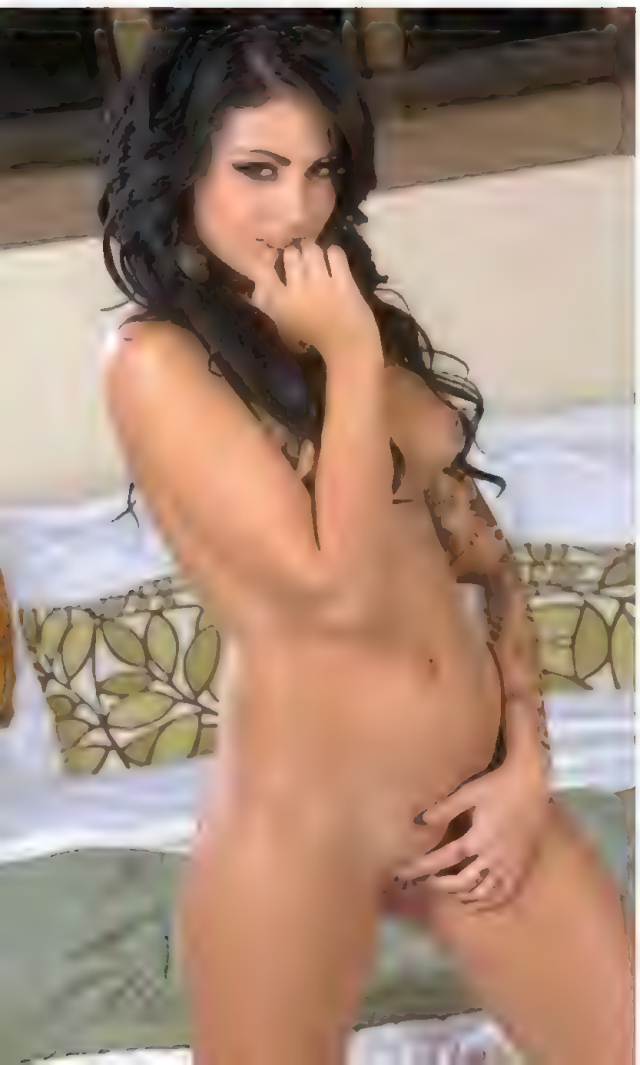


"If I ever get caught masturbating by someone, I hope it's a pizza-delivery guy, like in a porno. Maybe I'll get a free pizza to go with his helping hand."



"The most amazing experience I've ever
had was hotel sex. There's nothing better
than a dirty

"My ideal man is in his late twenties to thirties (no boys allowed!), and is as fun, spontaneous, and crazy as I am. I need a guy who can get into making love on a rooftop as the sun comes up. And yes, I know from experience how exciting that is."



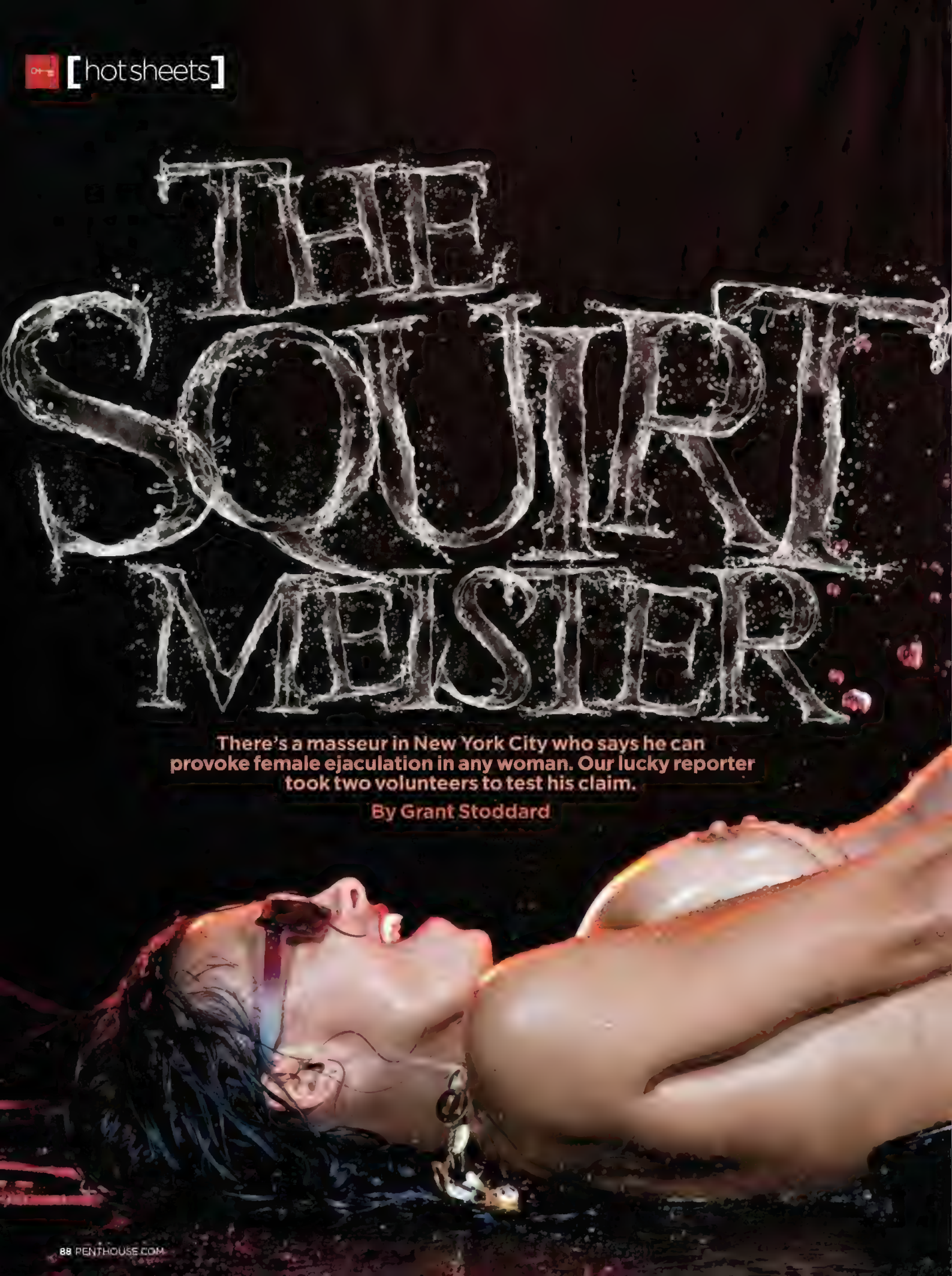
"My favorite fantasy is being kidnapped by a masked man who turns out to be a good-looking guy who just wants to give me amazing sex."

SEE MORE OF AMY AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

THE SQUIRTMEISTER

There's a masseur in New York City who says he can provoke female ejaculation in any woman. Our lucky reporter took two volunteers to test his claim.

By Grant Stoddard



It's 6 P.M. on a blustery winter evening on Manhattan's Upper West Side. The two extremely attractive, well-put-together, professional women emerging from the subway station with me are Sara—a friend of a friend whom I've seen out a handful of times—and her good friend Dominique, whom I've never met before.

The three of us are about to get a whole lot closer.

If the guy we're about to visit lives up to his reputation, in the next little while, these two are going to personally experience female ejaculation for the first time, and I'm going to get some hands-on training as a female-ejaculation facilitator.

Should I come to possess the knowledge that will enable me to make any woman have a mind-blowing orgasm, accompanied by pulsing arcs of mystery liquid shooting from her vagina, you can rest assured that I won't be using it judiciously, sparingly, or wisely.

It May Be Hard to Define, But You Know It When You See It

Female ejaculation—also called "squirting" or "gushing"—is the expulsion of fluid at or around the point of orgasm. Though the phenomenon has been written about for more than 2,000 years, its existence has been under scrutiny for the past two centuries. A 2011 study from the University of Guadalajara in Mexico concluded that most of the latter-day controversy surrounding female ejaculation comes down to the confusion of two quite different phenomena by the general public. The study calls "real" female ejaculation the "release of a very scanty, thick, and whitish fluid from the female prostate," while the squirting made popular in porn over the past several years is defined as the "expulsion of a diluted fluid from the urinary bladder." What this fluid is composed of actually matters to certain interests; science supporting the idea that squirting is closely related to peeing has been used by the British Board of Film Classification to make depictions of it illegal, because urination during sex is considered to be obscenity under British law.

But rather than getting bogged down in the hair-splitting, semantic, and contradictory research on the

Just then, with Dominique all but screaming and gripping tightly to the side of the table with her free hand, pulses of clear liquid begin shooting 18 inches into the air. "There it is," says Gerry.

matter, I'm excited to learn firsthand what female ejaculation is all about. That's where Gerry—the man Sara, Dominique, and I are on our way to visit—comes in. A masseur of some repute, Gerry has been making girls squirt since he had a particularly effusive girlfriend introduce him to it more than 20 years ago.

"It was crazy," he told me when I called him a few days before our visit. "I mean, this is before people really knew about it, so it really took me by surprise. Since then, with a lot of practice, I've become somewhat of an expert on the subject."

Calling All Girls

I'd heard about Gerry from a woman on whom he'd demonstrated his expertise at a sex party a few years ago. "What's his success rate like?" I asked her, wide-eyed.

"One hundred percent," she said confidently. "I've referred several girlfriends to him and he's made squirters of them all. I'll give you his number. You should go see him. I'm sure he'd be down to share his techniques."

I've had a handful of girls soak my bed over the years, but I'd been under the impression that only a minority of women had the ability to do so. "That's simply not the case," said Gerry during our phone chat. "Practically all women have the ability. If you can rustle up a girl who has never squirted before, I'll show you how."

That was all I needed to hear. I excitedly set about arranging some time with Gerry for the coming weekend, but it turned out that the small handful of girls I could unabashedly invite on a sexual adventure without having my face slapped were all unavailable for one reason or another. Then I thought of Sara. I didn't know her well, but she came to mind because the last time we'd seen each other, she'd implied that she wanted to push her sexual boundaries. (When you're a sex writer, people reveal things like that to you.) Still, I paused for a very long time before texting her the idea. When I finally hit send, I had a mini anxiety attack, fearing that I'd somehow crossed a line.

I didn't have to wait long.

"Very intrigued," read Sara's almost immediate, panic-relieving response. "I'm here with a friend who's very intrigued, too. Can she come along?"

"Well, of course," I replied. "The more the merrier."

Both Sara and Dominique had been interested in female ejaculation since it became a popular porn meme a few years ago. Spearheaded by such performers as Cytherea, titles such as *Flirtin' & Squirtin'*, *The Great American Squirt-Off*, and *Titty Tatter Pussy Splatter* began flooding the market in the mid-noughties. As happens with many porn genres, an interest in eliciting female ejaculation began to cross over into bedrooms across America. Liberator—a company that manufactures what it calls Bedroom Adventure Gear—recently came out with the Fascinator Throe, a water-repellent sex blanket designed to handle copious amounts of loosed fluid. Believe it or not, you can find this product at many mainstream retailers including Amazon, CVS, and Overstock.com.

Butterflies

The big night has arrived, and Sara and Dominique are pretty skeptical about their bodies' ability to ejaculate, but they're adventurous enough to give it a try. They're both giggling as we walk up the six flights of stairs to Gerry's apartment. It's as if they've only just realized what they've gotten themselves into. Dominique tells me that she's had a long-held fantasy about a massage turning sexual.

"Well, you can bet on that happening tonight," I tell her.

She beams an excited smile at Sara, and they giggle again.

After we're done here, they're meeting friends downtown for dinner.

Geyser Söze

Gerry opens his apartment door wearing just a T-shirt and boxer briefs. Shaven-headed and recently turned 50, he has the body of a former athlete and dancer. He greets each girl with a hug and a kiss before mouthing the words "thank you" to me as I enter after them.

The light is soft and low in his apartment, and candles flicker while soothing New Age music plays. There's a subtle smell of lavender and vanilla in the air. A massage table takes up most of his living room. Gerry uncorks a bottle of red wine as he explains what's about to happen. He begins with an anatomy overview, then lets the girls know what sensations to expect. "You may feel like you are going to pee," he says. "You're going to want to clench to ensure that you don't pee, but do the opposite. Think about bearing down, think about pushing out."

Sara and Dominique have questions. Gerry gives lengthy answers in his soft, deep, and soothing voice. I start to wonder if the hypnotic cadence and rhythm of his voice is an important part of his technique. While he's talking, Gerry is filing his nails and telling us that it's an important part of his prep work.

After more than an hour of chatting and a bottle and a half of Malbec, he asks, "Who'd like to go first?"

Come Hither

"I will," says Dominique, who seems slightly more gung-ho than Sara.

At Gerry's suggestion, Sara and I take a seat on the couch as Dominique strips down to her sexy black underwear, and then, after one more swig of wine, gets down to nothing at all. She lies facedown on the heated table. "Wow," says Gerry. "You have a beautiful body." And he's not just putting her at ease.

"Thank you," says Dominique with another excited giggle, her massage fantasy just moments away from being realized.

From our perches on the couch, Sara and I are at eye-level and within arm's reach of Dominique. Gerry lays several heated towels on her body and begins a protracted full-body massage, talking in his calming, singsong way all the while.

"Is the massage necessary?" I ask him after 25 minutes.

"It's important for her to be relaxed and comfortable with me," he says. "We're not having foreplay, so a massage is a good way to do that."

Gerry asks me to stand up, and then shows me some massage moves that I might want to employ in an attempt to make someone squirt. After we both realize that I sort of suck at giving massages, I sit back down. He parts Dominique's legs slightly so that he has more access to the very top of her inner thighs, getting incrementally closer to her vagina with his oiled fingers until he makes contact.

Sara and I hear Dominique let out a little moan and we shoot each other an excited look.

"I think she's enjoying it," whispers a now tipsy Sara in my ear.

"Do you do yoga?" Gerry asks Dominique.

"Uh-huh," she murmurs, her cognitive ability showing impairment.

"Ease yourself back into child's pose for me," he says.

With her arms outstretched, her forehead, chest, and shins on the table, and her hips and knees bent, Gerry has total access to Dominique's pussy and cups it with one hand while placing the other between her shoulder blades. He gently rocks her in the position for a while before asking her to turn over onto her back.

Gerry motions for me to stand up so that I can get a better view of what he's doing. With his left hand over her heart, Gerry cups Dominique's vulva with his right. He leans over, whispers in her ear, and kisses her, which she's very receptive to. Gerry then inserts two fingers into Dominique's vagina and explains to me what he's doing.

"I'm just gently homing in on the right spot on the anterior wall of her vagina and using a good amount of pressure here," he says. "Sort of using the come-hither motion. A little clitoral stimulation is good here."

At that, Gerry places his mouth on Dominique's clit. Sara and I exchange another look, both surprised at how sexually involved Gerry has become in the tutorial. We're even more surprised when he pulls his underwear off and guides Dominique's hand to his thick erection.

Floodgates

After a few minutes of this, Gerry stands up and becomes more vigorous in the way that he rubs the inside front wall of Dominique's vagina. He asks her to play with her clitoris while he applies even more effort. Dominique is moaning now. Two or three minutes of Gerry's strenuous fingering is producing a very loud, very wet, squishing sound.

"She's about to squirt," says Gerry. "Watch closely."

Just then, with Dominique all but screaming and gripping tightly to the side of the table with her free hand, pulses of clear liquid begin shooting 18 inches into the air.

"There it is," says Gerry.

After three or four pulses, curiosity gets the better of me and I lean in and have a taste, like I'm drinking from a water fountain. I'm not sure I'd relish drinking a pint of it, but it certainly isn't unpleasant in small doses. I've never tasted pee, but I'm sure it can't be as innocuous as this slightly saline fluid. It also has a more viscous and slippery texture than pee.

I look at Sara, who is slack-jawed in amazement. "Wow," is all she says.

"Okay," says Gerry. "I'm going to make her squirt again. Grant, I want you to put your fingers under my fingers so you can feel the motion."

I dutifully do as I'm told and feel how Gerry is rocking the meaty part of the inside front wall of Dominique's vagina over her pubic bone. After about 20 seconds of having four fingers belonging to two different men in her vagina, Dominique emits another yelp and a series of squirts.

"You ready to try doing that on your own?" asks Gerry. I nod, thankful that he's primed the pump for me. I give it a go, trying to mirror the master's technique. As I give it my best, I see that the cheeky old bastard has got his cock in Dominique's mouth. After what seems like a long time, my arm is aching and I haven't been able to achieve the same results.

"Think maybe she's all out?" I ask.

"Doubtful," he says, removing his member from her mouth. "Let me in there a sec."

Sure enough, Gerry gets her to squirt a third time. Clearly, I have a lot of learning to do. After a fourth, Dominique blurts out that she needs a break. Sara leans over and the pair make out. I have to admit, I'm feeling an intense pang of redundancy.

Dinner Can Wait

"Okay, Sara," says Gerry, helping Dominique off the table. "Your turn."

Sara tells Gerry that she and Dominique have a dinner date and that there's no time for her.

"No way!" says Dominique, having finally caught her breath. "You have to try this!"

"But we'll be late for dinner!"

Gerry says he'll give Sara the express version with a brief massage. He changes the sodden sheets for fresh ones and Sara strips. Within ten minutes, he's got the tall and slender Sara squirting, too. He has me mirror the motion of his fingers while they're inside her, and she squirts a second time. After I fail to make it happen on my own once again, he takes his penis out of Sara's mouth and gets her to squirt a third time.

As a kind of finale, the still-naked Dominique gets on the table with Sara. The girls make out and play with each other's clit while Gerry makes them each squirt two more times, this time when they are both upright. The girls return the favor and, with their hands on his cock and balls, manage to get a squirt out of him, too.

Yes, I feel a little bummed out that I couldn't be more useful or involved, but I'm also pretty impressed with Gerry's abilities.

"Don't sweat it, man," he says as he walks us out of his place. "It takes practice. I'll send you some reading material that's useful for understanding what's going on in there."

So Much for the Afterglow

Sara, Dominique, and I walk through the rain to the subway station.

"Well? What did it feel like?" I ask.

They each describe the sensation that accompanied the squirting as feeling quite different from a clitoral orgasm. Though both are thrilled to know they have the ability to squirt, neither is blown away by the orgasm that came with it.

"It's like when you hear a great song for the first time," says Sara. "You have to know it a little better to fully enjoy it. You have to know how to like it."

"We really went into slut mode in there, huh?" says Sara to Dominique.

"I know, right?" says her friend, laughing. "I guess we just went with the moment."

I see them both several weeks later, after they've had some time to reflect on the experience. Dominique seems more impressed by the whole phenomenon, Sara less so.

"Based solely on my personal experience of it, I think squirting may be more for men's benefit," Sara says. "I've had plenty of opportunity to try to induce it myself or with a partner, but it just doesn't seem worth the bother. And besides that, I really don't want to have to worry about the extra laundry."

That thought makes me feel a little better about my failure to get the girls to squirt as readily as Gerry did.

Still, it's probably not going to stop me from trying.

rear views

When Bridget and Eufrat put on a show, they pull out the st[illegible]ps ... and the toys. Then they make the best possible use of thrusting hands and probing tongu[illegible]s, bringing themselves—and anyone who's lucky enough to catch a glimpse of them—to one hap[illegible]y ending after another.

Photographs by Davide Esposito

SEE MORE OF BRIDGET AND EUFRAT AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

WALKING THE WALK

By Shanna Germain • Illustrations by Charlene Chua

Black knee-high combat boots, laced up with hot pink. A red miniskirt with a line of lace at the hem that barely covered my thighs. A white lace bra that said SL on one cup and UT on the other in red magic marker.

I swiped a quick splash of crimson across my lips, then stepped back to look at myself in the mirror. Totally, completely exposed. How had I let them convince me this was a good idea? I never even took the garbage out without jeans and a T-shirt.

There was a knock at the bathroom door. "Caroline ..." Sammie's soft, cajoling voice came through the wood. "Come on out, Caroline."

"No," I said. "I can't." Going out in public in next to nothing was panic-inducing enough; participating in a SlutWalk in little more than a bra and a bit of fabric around my ass was making my heart palpitate so hard I could feel it in my throat.

"Don't make us come in there and get you!" I could hear giggles from the other side of the door. Jason and Sammie both. Just waiting for me to come out. Vultures.

"Fuck you both," I said. Just because they were all about showing their bodies off all the time, making their views public. I was the quiet, shy dormouse of the three of us, content to stay at home while they were off doing their thing. As long as they came back to me, told me about their exploits, and then fucked me into oblivion, I was completely content. I had no need to make myself seen.

"Come on, Caro." This time it was Jason. "We promise to protect you."

"Protect me? From what? You two are the ones I need protection from. Conning me into this ..." I sat on the side of the tub, my head in my hands. I could just stay locked in the bathroom forever. But of course I couldn't. I'd promised them that I'd go to one event with them, their choice, and the bastards had chosen this one.

I opened the door.

"Oh, man," Jason said as soon as I stepped into the living room. He was kneeling outside the door, waiting for me, his hands on his thighs. He has the most beautiful curved cock—we call it Benjamin—"early to bed, early to rise." Already it was hard and bobbing between his legs. I wanted to suck him into my mouth, make him forget this whole crazy idea. "Caro, you should totally dress like that more often."

"I don't think having a guy drool over her is the point of SlutWalk," Sammie said. She was sprawled on the couch, wearing nothing more than a couple of pieces of hot-pink duct tape crisscrossed over her nipples. One hand played along the short curls between her legs.

"Sure it is," Jason said. "You like it when I drool over you, don't you, Caro?" He leaned forward and kissed the front of my thigh.

"Aren't you supposed to be dressed anyway, Jas?" I asked, settling a hand softly in his short hair. "I thought it was only the girls that got naked."

He looked up at me, a sheepish grin spreading across his face. Any excuse to get naked or mostly naked was good enough for him.

"Right," I said, laughing.

He resumed kissing my legs, trailing his tongue along the inside of one thigh, nipping at my skin. His palm found the curve of my butt and cupped it. "Wait ..." he said. "You're wearing panties?"

"Yeah," I said. Of course I was.

He lifted my skirt. I'd worn the most covering panties I owned—my geeky boy-cut shorts that said SPEAK FRIEND AND ENTER on the front. I figured it

SL
UT

would be funny, and at least semi-concealing, if somehow my skirt got blown up or something.

"Oh, no," he said. "That won't do. Tell her, Sam. Tell her she can't wear panties—especially not full-coverage panties—to a SlutWalk."

"You can't wear panties to a SlutWalk." Sammie was smirking at me from the couch, one hand still tucked between her legs. The other hand began leisurely pulling the duct tape off her nipples, a sure sign that I was in for it.

Jason reached up and tucked his fingers into both sides of my panties and pulled them down to my knees.

"But ..." I said.

"Trust me," Jason said.

I started to say something about all the "trust me" stuff being tossed around, but then he brushed his fingers along my labia, in that supersoft way I like best, and the words pretty much went out of my head.

He stroked me gently, until I felt myself growing wet, until I couldn't stop myself from pushing against his fingers. He teased like that, making me clench my teeth against the desire. With his other hand, he tugged my panties all the way down.

"Step out of them," Sammie ordered from the couch.

I put a hand on Jason's shoulder so I wouldn't fall. Jason picked the panties up, brought them to his nose, and inhaled long and deep. *"Mmm,"* he said. "I love the way you girls smell when you're all revved up."

I couldn't go out there like this, dripping, the insides of my thighs glistening with want.

"You guys," I said. "I don't think I can do this ..."

"Sure you can, baby," Sammie said. "We'll help you, I promise." Her croon would have been reassuring, except for the crooked smile that she flashed at Jason.

"I saw that," I said, narrowing my eyes at her.

"Come on, Caroline," she said. "Seriously, you look amazing. What's to fear? Besides, you promised."

I sidestepped Jason, then plunked myself down on the couch to lean against Sammie's long legs. "I know," I said. "I'm just supernervous. I'm not like you guys."

"I know," Sammie said. She reached out and pulled me closer to her. "And you don't have to be like us. It's just for fun. Everyone else will be naked, too."

"Meep," I said. It was my old safe word—one we no longer used for fucking, but which often came out of my mouth in times of distress.

"Aw, poor Caroline," Sammie said, tucking one hand into the SL side of my SL-UT bra. Her fingers found my nipple and tweaked it lightly, then rolled it between them until she could get a good grip. When she pinched it, I squeaked, then gave a soft moan.

"See?" Sammie whispered. She tucked her face into the side of my neck, gently biting her way up to the edge of my ear. "Come and help me make her feel better, Jason."

Sammie kissed me then—the kind of kiss that captures your breath and makes you feel as if you're drowning in want. She had one hand at the back of my neck. The other hand still rolled and pinched my nipple. I groaned against her open lips, meeting her tongue with my own, unable to resist.

Jason must have slipped across the room while we were kissing, because suddenly I could feel his hands parting my thighs, his breath warm against my skin. He spread my labia with his fingers and then touched his tongue, just the tip, to the point of my clit. Once and again, dabbing at me. Not hard enough that it satisfied the ache that was rising up in me.

It sent shudders up me, shudders that Sammie met and quelled with her tongue against mine.

I wanted to wiggle away, to groan and arch, but Sammie held me tight with her hands and mouth, and Jason with his lapping, teasing tongue.

"Bastards," I muttered through my groans, and they both laughed. Jason's giggle erupted from between my thighs so hard that it tickled.

"You love it," Sammie said.

"I do," I agreed. "Kiss me again?"

"I don't think so," she said, eyeing me and then Jason. "Let's switch spots," she said to him.

They maneuvered me to suit their needs, laying me down on the couch so that Jason's mouth met mine, his fingers seeking out my nipples

I WANTED TO WIGGLE AWAY, TO GROAN AND ARCH, BUT **SAMMIE HELD ME TIGHT WITH HER HANDS AND MOUTH,** AND JASON WITH HIS LAPPING, TEASING TONGUE.

beneath the bra. He kissed totally differently than Sammie, asking for instead of taking, making me reach out for him with my lips, my tongue.

Sammie's fingers slipped wet and slippery inside me. She scissored them lightly, sending me arching up off the couch, forcing me to break the kiss with Jason so I could gasp my pleasure. Sammie grinned wickedly at me, her fingers spreading me wide. She moved closer so I could reach out and touch her wet center with my own fingers. I found her clit and caught it between my fingertips.

"Jason, too," she said, her voice rough with want.

I reached for Jason with my other hand, found the hard curve of his cock already straining up for my touch. The tip was coated already, and I rubbed my thumb along the moisture before curling my hand around his length.

He groaned, a low-throated sound that sent shivers through me.

"Mouth," Sammie said.

I turned my head, craning for his cock. Jason stood, leaning over me to give me better access. I ran my tongue around the glistening head, brushed my lips over his skin until he groaned. When he pushed against me, I opened my lips and let him sink the wet head into my mouth. I loved the feel of sucking him, taking him deep while Sammie toyed with my clit, rubbing faster and faster, even as she bucked against my hand.

"Going to come be a dirty slut with us?" Sammie's voice was thick with want, almost panting, as she stroked her fingers across my clit. Teasing. Always teasing. "Going to strut down the street without your panties?"

I shook my head around Jason's cock, groaning against his length.

"The longer you resist, the worse it's going to be." Sammie pulled away, making me groan again. Then her fingers came down in a slap against my clit. I squealed, pulling back from Jason's cock, my hips arching up automatically into her touch.

"Please," I begged. "Please ..."

"Say, 'I'm coming to the SlutWalk,' " Sammie said. " 'Because I'm your dirty little slut.' "

"No ..." I groaned. I didn't want to come that badly. I didn't. I'd just wait until they were gone and take my fingers to my own—

And then I felt Sammie coming, arching her body into my fingers, coating my skin. Beside me, Jason stroked his cock. I cried out, just from watching and feeling the two of them.

"Say it," Sammie said, fingers thrusting inside me, thumb round and round on my clit. Jason's hand stroked his cock. I turned and sucked him deep into my mouth so I wouldn't have to say it, so she'd let me come without forcing me to agree.

Sammie said something that I barely heard, taking her fingers from me, and then Jason was pulling himself away from my mouth.

"Sorry," he said, in a way that showed he wasn't sorry at all.

They slid me sideways on the couch, angling me so that I was leaning on the back, my legs up on Jason's shoulders. Jason leaned over me, his cock sliding into me. He was trying to go slow, I could tell, but I was so wet that he couldn't hold back, and buried into me all the way with a low groan. Sammie's cool fingers found my clit; she leaned so that her nipple was against my lips. I opened my mouth, trying to suck the erect flesh, but she deftly kept it just out of reach, laughing. I was so close that I felt the orgasm riding up through my stomach, tightening my throat.

"All you have to do ..." Sammie whispered, licking my nipple between words, her fingers slapping my clit in time to Jason's thrusts, "... is say yes."

"Yes," I said. "Yes."

"Yes, what?" Sammie asked.

"Yes, I'll ... gotoyourstupidSlutWalk."

"Without?"

"Without my panties. Just, please, please ..."

Sammie bit my nipple, a tight grip that sent shudders through me. Her fingers tight on my clit and Jason slamming into me, the sound of both their groaning breaths, all of it finally sent the orgasm through me, a shameless shuddering cry releasing from my mouth. I arched off the couch, into Jason's thrusts and Sammie's slaps, my hands reaching for both of them at the same time.

I said a lot of words, most of them nonsense, as the orgasm rode through me and then subsided. The sound of all of us breathing, panting really, made me start to laugh.

"Oh, funny girl now, are you?" Sammie asked. But she was grinning too hard to put on her domme face. Jason, as spent as I was, pulled himself from between my legs, landing back on the floor with a huff of breath, resting his head against my knee.

I nodded.

"Well," she said. "Let's see how funny you are when you're shaking your bare ass at the SlutWalk."

"We're still doing that?" I asked.

She gave me that look, the one she always gives me when I'm about to get myself in trouble.

"Meep?" I said.

"Come on, Caro," Jason said. "You made a deal."

"Fine, fine," I said. And, suddenly, it was. My body was relaxed, my brain had shut off its typical worrying. So what if I was going to walk mostly naked with a bunch of people looking at me? I had two people who adored me no matter what. I could do this, as long as they were both by my side.

A few hours later, we were hand-in-hand-in-hand, traipsing down the street with thousands of other mostly naked people. Jason was wearing my SPEAK FRIEND AND ENTER panties, which didn't even begin to cover any part of him that mattered. Sammie had opted for her hot-pink duct-tape nipple covers. And me? I was wearing nothing but combat boots and a smile big enough for everyone to see.

"Walking the Walk," by Shanna Germain, from *Twice the Pleasure,* edited by Rachel Kramer Bussel. Published by Cleis Press, April 2013.

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H.

What's in Your Sex Lube?

I heard recently that "personal lubricants" are not actually safe to use for sex. What are the safety concerns exactly, and are there any lubes that are safer than others? I use different kinds of lubes myself for masturbating. My wife and I also use lube for anal sex, and sometimes when she needs a little extra vaginal lubrication.

It is always good to know what you're putting into your body—or your partner's body, for that matter. That goes for sex lubes as well as for drugs and food.

The vagina and rectum count as internal areas of the body, so for starters, anything labeled "for external use only" not only shouldn't be swallowed, but also shouldn't go up the ass or cunt. Many chemicals can damage or irritate the lining of these canals. The lining is a kind of tissue called a mucous membrane, which is a porous barrier to the outside world. Some chemicals can pass right through and be absorbed into the bloodstream. In fact, many medicines are given in the form of a suppository—a kind of pill inserted into the rectum or vagina. And if you've ever been to any frat parties where butt-chugging takes place, then you know that drinking isn't the only way to get drunk.

The vagina, rectum, and mouth also have their own ecosystems of bacteria and microbes. Some of these, called lactobacteria, we actually need to be healthy. It is possible to kill them off with antiseptics, or with other chemicals that drastically alter their environment. Destroying friendly bacteria in the vagina may allow other bacteria to grow out of control. That may cause an itchy, smelly, sometimes painful condition called bacterial vaginosis.

Now, when we talk about sex lubes, we're talking only about those made for that purpose. But even then, we're not talking about just one thing. There are many varieties with many different ingredients. The two main categories are water-based (water and glycerin) or silicone-based. But they may contain any number of other chemicals added as emulsifiers, stabilizers, and preservatives.

I think it's safe to say that none of these cocktails are outright hazardous. But little is known about their effects on the tissues of the vagina and rectum, or the microbes that dwell there.

A study published last year showed that there may be cause for concern, and that some sex lubes may be more harmful than others. Researchers tested 11 different lubes in the lab. They looked first for signs of damage to cells in rectal- and vaginal-tissue samples after soaking them with different lubes. Mind you, these were tissue samples, not live tissues in living people. Under a microscope, some samples showed signs of damage after contact with lube, while others did not.

The researchers also did lab tests to see if different lubes affected the growth of lactobacteria. Some lubes appeared to hamper the growth of these friendly bacteria, while other lubes had little or no effect.

So, which brands of lube were the harshest? The researchers named three lubes that showed the most tissue damage: Astroglide, Gynol II, and K-Y Jelly. No doubt you've heard of Astroglide and K-Y Jelly. They are among the top-selling personal lubes on the market. K-Y has been easing friction for nearly a century, and Astroglide slid onto the scene more than 20 years ago. Gynol II is a contraceptive gel, typically used with diaphragms.

The researchers reported that an antiseptic chemical used as a preservative in K-Y could be to blame for the tissue damage they saw. They wrote about Astroglide's bad showing in technical terms, reasoning that it had to do with the high concentration of the solution. Gynol II contains nonoxynol-9 (N-9), which the World Health Organization and the CDC have frowned upon for more than a decade. It is notoriously rough on the lining of the rectum and vagina, which may increase the risk of getting HIV and other sexually transmitted infections.

Since 2007, the FDA has mandated warnings on any product with N-9 in it. The warnings say "not for rectal (anal) use." Why? According to the FDA's scientific advisors, N-9 "causes serious damage" to the lining of the rectum. Another mandated warning reads, "When using this product you may get vaginal irritation (burning, itching, or a rash)." And after all that, it's not very effective birth control.

In the lube study, Gynol II, K-Y Jelly, and a "vaginal moisturizer" called Replens were most lethal to friendly bacteria. N-9 and the antiseptic preservatives in these lubes were considered the probable culprits.

Which lubes were mildest? The study showed that silicone-based, and lightly concentrated water-based lubes caused little or no harm to tissue or bacteria. The brands tested were light, water-based lubes Good Clean Love (below left) and Pré, and silicone-based Female Condom 2 lubricant and Wet Platinum.

I wouldn't tell you, based on this study, what to buy or what to avoid (except for N-9, which has no business being up in your business). This study shows what happened in a lab. But lab results don't always translate to the real world and living human flesh. The study doesn't account for factors like how often lubes are used.

Most important, I'd point out that penetration without proper lubrication could cause damage, too—and you wouldn't need a microscope to see it. Don't stop using lube. Use lots of it, especially for stuffing bum holes. It just may be worthwhile to start reading labels.

War Wounds

There was a movie out not long ago called* The Sessions. *In the film, the lead character, who has had to use an iron lung for most of his life, engages a therapist to help him lose his virginity. A buddy of mine who just saw the film is a disabled vet and wants to know how to go about finding the right therapist to help with sexual issues related to the wounds he suffered. What are his options?

Hundreds of American soldiers have suffered genital wounds while serving in Afghanistan and Iraq. But it would be a mistake to suppose that this is the only kind of war wound that causes sexual problems.

Reading that your friend is disabled, I wouldn't assume right away that his junk got torn up, or even that he's paralyzed. Any injury can impact sexuality, in ways that go far beyond the parts being all there and in working order.

To begin with, there's pain. Sometimes pain from wounds can last long after they've healed. Living with chronic pain can put a damper on libido and the experience of sexual pleasure. If the pain itself doesn't get in the way, often the side effects of pain meds do.

Also, some war wounds maim, scar, deform, and dismember. The faces and bodies of many wounded in war will never look the same again. People with disfiguring wounds may feel ashamed of how they look, and believe no one could be attracted to them. A big part of enjoying a healthy sex life comes from having a good self-image. But believing oneself to be unfuckable can be a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Sexuality can suffer from unseen wounds as well. Traumatic brain injury (TBI) has been the most common injury inflicted on our troops serving in Afghanistan and Iraq. Hundreds of thousands are thought to have suffered TBIs. These kinds of brain injuries can cause changes in behavior, including sexual behavior. Some TBI sufferers may start to act out sexually in unhealthy ways. Sometimes they think about sex obsessively, and become sexually aggressive. In others, a TBI can make them feel flat and weak enough to lose all interest in sex.

Veterans with post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) may have similar emotional and relationship troubles. PTSD sufferers often withdraw, display rage, and behave erratically. Hard boozing and drug use often go along with PTSD. All that takes a heavy toll on sexual relationships.

Partners may be saintly in the devoted care and support they give a wounded warrior. But even the strongest and most loving partner can get caregiver burnout, which can impact their own sexuality, as well as change how they see their wounded partner. Sometimes they leave. Sometimes they stay and endure a sexless relationship.

If your friend has a partner, he shouldn't seek therapy only for himself. They should see someone as a couple, and they both ought to get counseling separately as well.

The go-to organization for sex therapy is the American Association of Sexuality Educators, Counselors, and Therapists (AASECT). Lots of mental-health professionals are qualified to help with sexual issues, but members of AASECT have special training and certification in sexuality. Many of them are experts in sex and disability, and sex and trauma; some even focus on helping veterans. To find an AASECT-certified therapist, you can go to AASECT.org/directory.asp and search for professionals by state.

Any injury can impact sexuality, in ways that go far beyond the parts being all there and in working order.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT) COURTESY GOOD CLEAN LOVE, (RIGHT) MOODBOARD/ALAMY

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Religious conservatives want sex toys, but they don't want to buy them from "those people."

Holier Than Thou

I was shopping for sex toys online, and I was surprised to see ads for Christian, kosher, and Muslim sex-toy shops. Have the dildos they sell been blessed? Are these stores really sanctioned by religious organizations?

No. They're just selling sex toys to religious conservatives. Some of these shops sell the same toys that secular stores sell, but absent any images or ideas that would offend their target customers. I want to make a clear distinction here between religious conservatives and religious people. Faith and religious practice don't have to be at odds with sexual freedom, and many people calling themselves atheists or agnostics are thumping prudes. Of course, conservative Christians, Jews, and Muslims tend to be the ones to most loudly condemn pornography, masturbation, gay sex, kinky sex, and sex out of wedlock. If you go shopping for sex toys in the secular marketplace, you hazard being exposed to references to those kinds of things.

There are several online sex shops billed as Christian, offering a fairly standard assortment of dildos and vibrators, lubes, sensual-massage stuff, and novelties. There's at least one "kosher" shop, and El Asira, a "halal" online sex shop for Muslims that sells only a few "sensual" creams and oils, and something that may be lube, though the description is vague. In any case, it's more of a cosmetics line than a sex shop.

In general, the product descriptions on these sites are written so as not to offend. There aren't any racy pictures, either. But overall, they don't look too different from many secular, but tasteful, sex-toy sites I've visited.

At first, I wondered if the site owners weren't just cynically trying to cash in on the booming sex-toy market by appealing to the conceits of the devout. I'm still not sure if those motives are totally absent. But I also wondered if the owners might have had naive ideas about secular websites dealing in sex toys. Maybe they had avoided browsing those sites, and imagined that behind forbidden URLs lay a riot of filthy animated GIFs, shocking language, and Village People.

Delving deeper into the Christian sex-toy sites, I began to see that the main thing that sets these sites apart is how they insist they're in the business of selling "marital aids." They say their wares are for married heterosexual couples to use only with each other. Certainly not to masturbate. Definitely not before marriage, or outside the marital bed. Some are preachy, while others are more subtle. And some even sell a few mainstream books about sex that cover unsanctioned sex acts. But by and large, sexuality information is censored as much as the product blurbs and images.

From my perspective, that's a problem. It's okay if the preacher's wife wants a vibrator but doesn't want to feel icky when buying it. She could go on Amazon, buy with one click, and have an orgasm a couple of days later, after it arrives in a plain brown box. It'd be no sleazier than ordering replacement water filters and hair clips.

If she shops on a Christians-only site, she's staying in a bubble that limits her knowledge and freedom to make choices. Maybe she'd also like a big glass butt plug. Sorry, Mrs. Reverend So-and-So. Either they don't sell butt plugs, or if they do, they won't tell you what they're for. Or maybe a big butt plug is just what the reverend himself needs. He'd never know unless he went to a regular sex shop. He might get weirded out there, or even angry at some of the things he'd find. He wouldn't have to approve of them. But at least he'd have learned they exist.

All that aside, I feel there's something worse about these so-called religious sex shops. What's going on is a form of segregation. These stores segregate their people, the godly, from the "perverts." I think they mean to push the "other" into a corner. Religious conservatives want sex toys, but they don't want to buy them from "those people." And they don't want to know about anything those people do.

If everyone were to order from the same boutiques online, that would imply that conservative folks actually have something in common with people they think are sexually depraved and dangerous. Instead, they'd rather buy from their own kind, and let the freaks shop with theirs. Separate but equal.

Poop Boner

Why do I (a male) get aroused when I poop? I don't have a poop fetish. Is this normal?

Yep. Totally normal. Pooping feels good. Many guys don't talk about getting poop boners because they're afraid to admit they like the feeling of something in their ass.

The anal area has lots of nerve endings. Sometimes an erection is just an automatic response when the anal region is stimulated. Also, when your ass is nice and relaxed, pressure on these nerves can produce pleasurable sensations. The muscles of the pelvic-floor anal sphincter relax to let poop pass. For many guys, that's the only time those muscles ever relax, and the only time when something in the butt hole feels nice.

I remember when I was a teenager, I heard about anal sex for the first time from someone who'd actually done it. She said it felt like "pooping backward." That's about right. In or out, it can be terrifically erotic, if you're in the right frame of mind.

Passing a turd can also put pressure on your prostate gland, which is nestled beside your rectum. You can feel the prostate through the wall of the rectum. The prostate has an integral role in male orgasm and ejaculation. Some like to call it the "male G spot." Applying pressure or vibration to your prostate while pleasuring your cock can produce a more intense orgasm. You can come without touching your penis, just by stimulating your prostate.

Getting aroused on the crapper could also have something to do with your masturbation habits, present and past. Many of us began our careers as masturbators on the toilet. That's often a boy's only chance for privacy, when no one questions what he's doing in there with the door locked. Adulthood brings more opportunities for privacy, but in your busy life, you seldom set aside time to find a nice quiet place to jerk off. But no matter what, you always have to crap once or twice a day. There you are, with your pants down already, so why not crack one off while you're at it? In that way, you might have trained yourself to get aroused on the can.

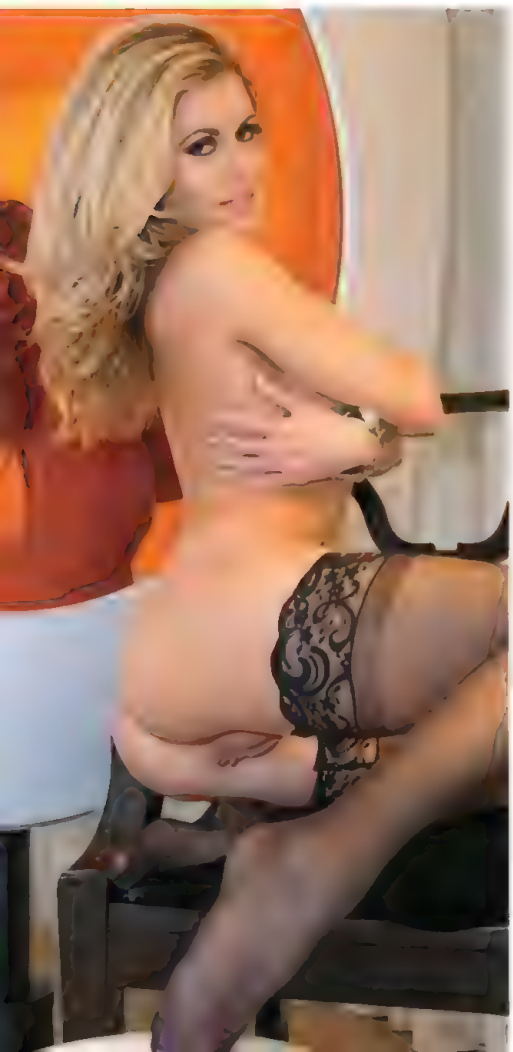
we want moore

We predict you'll soon want more of the lovely Randy Moore as well. This 34D-24-36 stunner from Santa Barbara, California, became a full-time erotic model and fetish producer after a stint working as a stripper and dancer in the Adult Entertainment Industry. Randy is now safe because, as she puts it, "I always love to make sexy and naughty videos."

Photographed by Christopher Lowe

"I love modeling, but I also love cooking and being creative. I'm currently working on a cookbook, and would like to have my own TV show. I also like to shoot guns (the bigger the better), lie out naked, and indulge in lots of masturbating."

"Could I ever be faithful to one guy? Sure, if we were swingers. I'm always up for an orgasm or five."



"The proudest moment of my life is when I graduated from boot camp. It was a huge physical and emotional feat, and I learned that I was capable of so much more than I'd ever imagined."

SEE MORE OF RANDY AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

Getting Buzzed

I've been teasing my wife for some time about getting her a vibrator. She already has a six-inch rubber cock, but wants something more intense. One night we made a date to meet at a movie theater after work. I stopped by an adult store beforehand and found a perfect silver-chrome, seven-inch vibrator, one that I was assured wouldn't be too loud. The clerk helped me put batteries in it, and I cleaned it, as recommended, in the store's restroom before I left.

As we walked into the theater, I held the bag open so she could see the vibrator. Her eyes nearly popped out of her head and her hand went up to her mouth. All I could think about was all the different ways we could use it, and I know she was thinking the same thing. My cock was ready to burst out of my jeans.

We settled in a back row, off to the side, in the mostly empty theater. As soon as the lights went out, she asked to see the vibrator up close. She slid it back and forth in her hands, stroking it, till I took it back. I turned it on low and ran it along the inside of her leg, easing her dress up as I went. I teased her with the mild vibration, skirting all around her clit, till she was panting. Finally, she begged me for more, and reached down to pull her thong to the side, out of my way.

She eased her ass to the edge of the seat, leaning back as much as possible, and held herself open for me. I turned the vibrator up to the next level and worked it into her cunt, fucking her till she was ready to explode. Then I kissed her deeply, smothering her moans, as I slid the tip of the vibe up to her clit. She went off like a rocket, thrusting herself up off the seat rhythmically. I couldn't wait to tease her clit with the toy while we were fucking.

We'd missed the entire movie, so we just snuck out and headed home. My wife asked for the vibrator in the car, but I told her she had to wait till we were in bed for more. When we got home, we raced up to the bedroom and stripped off our clothes. I pushed her back onto the bed and put my mouth to her pussy. I licked up and down her swollen slit as fast as I could. She held me there with a handful of my hair and ground her pussy into my face, just the way I like it. Then I looked up to see her pinching her nipples.

My wife has no reservations about playing with herself. It's a big turn-on for me, and she knows it.

I was running the vibrator up and down her thighs, and she was moaning and getting wetter, even with it turned off. I moved it up and slid it across her tits, all the while licking her hard clit. I held the vibrator up to her mouth, and her tongue snaked out and licked the tip. Then she sucked in as much as she could, grabbed my hand, and fucked her mouth with it, getting it all slick and wet.

She took the vibrator from my hands and slid it into her soaking-wet cunt, an inch or so at a time. She still hadn't turned it on, but she began fucking herself with long, slow strokes, then faster ones. When I squeezed her tits, she turned the vibrator on high.

She nearly pulled it out at first, but then let out a loud grunt as her torso bucked up off the sheets. She used both hands to move the vibrator in and out in different ways, sometimes rubbing it across her slit, then fucking herself hard and deep with it.

I pushed her back onto the bed, put my mouth to her pussy, and licked up and down her swollen slit as fast as I could.

"Do you like it?" I asked.

"Yes, yes!" she shouted.

"Is this all you thought about on the way home?"

"Yes!"

"You couldn't wait to come home and get fucked, could you?"

She nodded in agreement. I could see she was pushing herself over the edge. My wife loves dirty talk, and comes quickly when I tell her what a great fuck she is or what I'm going to do to her.

She pulled out the vibrator and cried, "I want your cock!"

Thank God! My dick had been hard for an hour now. I knelt behind her and grabbed her by the hips. My cock slid in smoothly all the way. She yelled out in pleasure and fucked me back, slamming her pussy against my cock. Then she grabbed the vibrator and rubbed it on her clit as I stuck two fingers in her mouth for her to suck on.

Then she surprised me. She put the tip of the vibe to the base of my shaft. My whole cock shook, and I laughed and groaned at the same time. My

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wife just giggled wickedly.

"Nice trick," I said.

"Do you like that?" she inquired.

"Yeah. Do you like this?" I said, and fucked her harder than ever. She put the vibrator to her mouth and sucked it while she moaned. She was close to coming now, but I wouldn't let her just yet.

"You've got to break your new toy in right," I said, taking her hand with the vibe and moving it down to her pussy. "You've got to come on it. Can you do that?"

She answered by moaning louder and massaging her clit in small circles with her other hand, getting off on my demands, as she always does.

"Come on, do it!" I said. "Come all over your new toy. Then you're going to come all over my cock, aren't you?"

That was it for her. Her thighs closed on the vibrator, her pussy not wanting it to escape. I spread her legs and slid it out, making her jump and groan again. She was still coming as I shoved my cock deep into her. She gasped loudly and held her legs apart while I pumped back and forth in her steamy cunt. I bent down to suck on her nipples and kiss her before getting in her face and egging her on again.

"Are you going to come again?"

"I ... want ... to!"

"Then do it, come for me. Come all over my cock!"

She came even harder than she had before. Her thighs held me like a vise, and she clamped both hands over her mouth, self-conscious about yelling so loud. I felt the pressure building in my shaft and pulled out, shooting come all over my wife's belly and chest.

Since then I have caught my wife many times playing with her toy, and we are now hoping to find another woman for her to use it on. I'll keep you posted.—*P.J., Illinois*

Her Ass Is Mine

It was lunchtime at work, and four of us were sitting outside around a picnic table. My coworker Jennifer was quizzing Tom and Enrique on their living arrangements. Everyone who worked in the kitchen had figured out that Tom and Enrique were more than roommates. Still, Jennifer was very inquisitive and persistent. She wanted to know about certain aspects of their relationship.

She was completely out of line, but I was a bit interested myself as to whether or not Jennifer was going to get the answers she sought. Finally, she started asking specific questions. Tom would just look at Enrique each time Jennifer tried her best to extract information on procedures and pleasures, but he kept sipping his orange juice, and Enrique told her he was not going to tell.

The lunch whistle blew. Time was up, the boys hurried off, and Jennifer was still in search of information. As I got up I whispered to her that if she came by my place after work, I would show her just what she wanted to know.

I went back to work without waiting for a response. I thought it best to let my offer sink in. Jennifer and I had a history that went back a few years. We'd split up and started seeing other people. When we ended up working together a few months ago, I could tell she was interested in getting together again.

Jennifer was scheduled to leave work an hour before me. When she left to clock out, she asked if I was serious. I told her where my spare key was, so she could wait inside for me. I rushed through my duties and punched out 15 minutes early. When I pulled into the driveway I was excited to see her car parked alongside the house. She had let herself in. When I rushed into the house I half expected to see her buck-naked, bent over the coffee table, awaiting my arrival. The only thing I could hear was the shower running upstairs.

I took the stairs three at a time, pulling off every stitch of clothing along the way. She turned off the water just as I reached the bathroom door, wearing nothing but an erection and a grin. Jennifer stepped out of the tub, water dripping from her nipples. I stood perfectly still and stared at her. It had been three years since I'd last seen her naked—much too long. She scolded me for not having extra towels. I told her I would lick her dry. She laughed just like the first time I'd used that line on her. I asked if she really wanted to know what Tom and Enrique did. She said yes.

Jennifer said she had a deep taste for some hot come. She got down on her knees and took my whole cock into her mouth. I grabbed her head and long brown hair as my cock tickled her tonsils. She ran her tongue up and down the shaft, licking her favorite vein. She knew the drill. With my left hand behind her head and my right hand on her tit, I rocked her head up and down, pointing my ream machine in every direction it could go. I wanted to come all over her in a hundred different ways.

I quickly jerked out before she sucked me dry. She didn't look too happy, because she had always loved the taste. I told her I would save some of it for her for dessert. Then I got up and sat on the toilet seat. I turned her around, backside to me, and slipped into her snatch. I wanted her to pump me, because the sight of her ass going

My dick was rock-hard, and she said she needed it bad. When I asked her where she needed it, she said, "Right up the ass."

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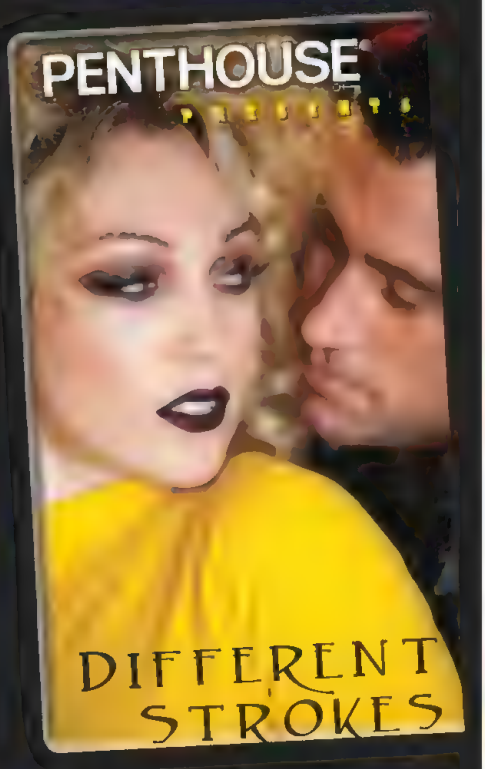

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up and down was great. Her tits were really bouncing, and I held on to them as she rubbed her clit and climaxed.

I let her rest a moment before telling her it was time to get back on the horse. My arms reached out as she cradled my dick in her pussy. Then she leaned back onto my chest as I held both tits. She squeezed my tool, and immediately my wad shot a mile high. She rose up and down just a little to milk it dry, then she hopped off and put her mouth between my legs again. She wanted to taste both our juices, so she licked every last drop off my dick.

We stretched out on the floor and she rolled over onto her stomach. I spread her long, smooth legs apart slowly. I massaged them while telling her to think about what she wanted, because I was going to do it. Then I kissed her ass, which was just as firm and round as the last time we were together. I left her pussy alone and sucked on her butt and caressed her asshole.

My hands felt every bit of her ass until I knew she was ready for more. I told her I was going to put my finger in very slowly. Jennifer let out a slow, pleasurable moan as I pushed in. I didn't go in very far at first, because I remembered that when I did the same with her pussy, she liked to have it gentle and slow, then faster and deeper.

When she started bucking hard, I knew it was time for all she could handle. My dick was rock-hard, and I asked her if she wanted it real bad. She said she needed it. When I asked her where she needed it, she said, "Right up the ass."

I had her stand in front of the sink and pretend she had been a bad girl who needed to be arrested. She always loved roleplaying. She placed her arms on the sink, held on tight, and spread her legs. I almost blew my load again, staring at her waiting ass, but held off as I fingered her deeply, lubing the hell out of her backdoor.

I gripped her hips and brought her ass back toward me. It felt so good moving against my dick. Then I grabbed my cock and slowly slid it in, but just the tip. I could see her face in the mirror, and could see her pleasure. I pulled my cock out all the way, just to see her reaction. She shot me a look that meant I needed to get it back in there, and quickly. No more fucking around. I complied, and the more we went at it, the farther my shaft went

up her ass. We stared at each other in the mirror, and it was incredibly hot to watch her react. Then I looked down to watch my hot hammer pumping her ass.

My hands kept a good grip on her hips. Normally I would play with her tits to heighten her climax, but she didn't need that this time. The sink shook as her orgasm overwhelmed both of us. I came for what seemed like an eternity. When I finally pulled out of her, her legs were shaking, so I lowered her to the floor. She quivered as I lay on top of her.

Jennifer couldn't even answer me when I asked if she liked it. I knew she did, she knew I knew it, and we both knew that, from now on, her ass was mine.—*D.M., Alabama*

Swim Buddies

Caitlyn was swimming in the far lane of the pool, and knowing this was the last day I would see this lovely woman made me yearn for her even more than usual. Back when I had been new in town, I thought joining a health club

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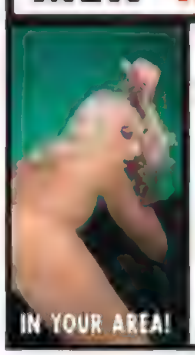

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would be a good way to meet people. Caitlyn and I met there seven months ago, when we were side by side on the stationary bikes, and I soon found out that she was married to a successful workaholic who paid little attention to his beautiful wife. Caitlyn mentioned many times that she felt neglected by her husband, but never hinted that she was willing to do anything about it.

We became workout buddies—lifting weights, riding bikes, swimming. It was often difficult to concentrate on exercise when I was near her. She was an ex-jock, with long, lean legs, a hard butt, and perfectly rounded breasts. Her brown eyes, fair skin, and freckles made her look wholesome and sexy at the same time. The first time I saw her climb out of the pool in her wet, snug competition suit, with her hard nipples and vulva clearly visible, she said, "At least one man knows how I look when I'm naked." I casually laughed and tried to be cool.

About six weeks ago, Caitlyn told me that her husband had taken a new job out West, and they would be moving. My disappointment showed, and Caitlyn hugged me, and I boldly asked her to have lunch with me. She sighed and said she couldn't.

Today was the day I would tell Caitlyn how I felt about her and the way she was being treated by her jerk of a husband. I slipped into the pool and had begun to swim when Caitlyn stood up in the lane to stop me. She threw her arms around my neck, kissed my cheek, and told me she had a present to give me later. Before I could respond, she dove under the water and swam to the shallow end of the pool. She hopped out and sat on the deck with her feet dangling in the water. The sight of her clinging suit and wet hair made my knees weak.

Caitlyn was grinning and trembling at the same time. I was about to ask her what was going on when she said she was going to risk having her club membership revoked. I was puzzled but excited as she said it was time for my present. She hooked her right hand under the left edge of her suit, just above the crotch. She quickly surveyed the premises to make sure we were alone, then slowly pulled the fabric back from her mound. Thick red hair appeared as she announced she had planned this show for weeks. When her pussy was completely exposed, she splayed her twat open with her other hand. She had shaved her vulva so I would have a clear view of the light-pink labia and clit.

My cock was standing up, poking out of my trunks. Caitlyn gasped and beckoned me closer. I looked around to make sure the coast was clear, then slipped two fingers into her slippery cunt while she tugged at the swollen head of my dick. She moaned and tightened her vagina around my fingers, saying, "We should have done this ages ago."

She lowered herself into the water and wriggled out of her suit. She put her hands on the side of the pool and pushed her ass toward me, saying I couldn't fuck her, but begging me to get a good look. I popped underwater to observe what I had only dreamed of before. I was just inches from Caitlyn's treasure. I nudged my thumb into her cunt while I ran my tongue across her asshole.

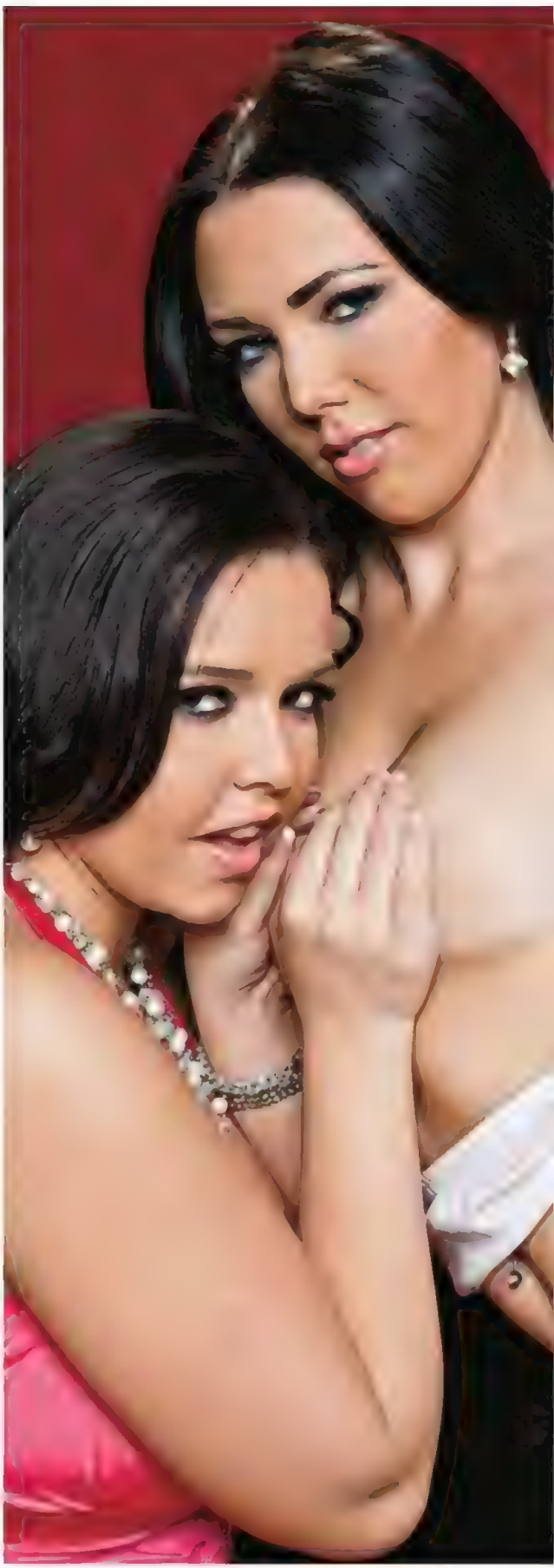
When I came up for air, she pulled my face down onto her big soft breasts. While I was sucking her nipples, she fingered herself to a shuddering orgasm. Then she ducked underwater and took my prick deep into her mouth. Unfortunately, she quickly blew out all her air while blowing me, and had to surface.

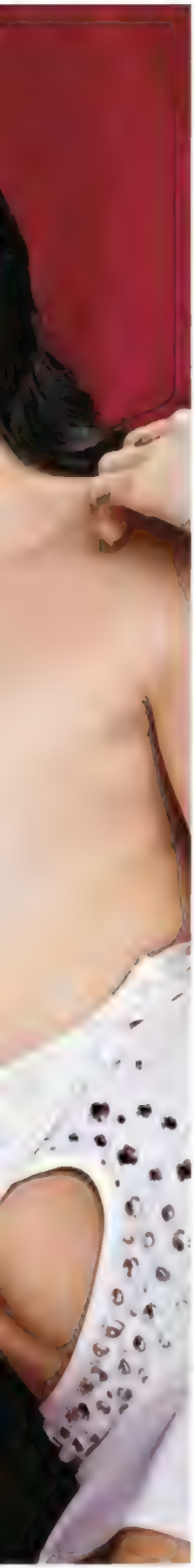
I kissed her deeply as she stroked my dick. "Can you believe this?" she murmured. "I was just going to flash you my snatch and run for it." I thanked her for sticking around, then grabbed for a tit and an ass cheek while she increased the tempo down below. I soon experienced the strongest climax I'd ever had, and milky come floated up between us.

Caitlyn stood up tall, with her full boobs and pink nipples exposed, walked out of the pool, and grabbed a towel. Saying she'd think of me, she winked and disappeared into the locker room.—*F.M., Kentucky*

Tongue in the Corner Pocket

It was my birthday, so I spent most of the day doing my favorite thing: shopping. Around 3 P.M., I met my husband for a drink. We were having a nice time when his cellphone rang. He smiled and told the caller he would be there shortly. When I raised an eyebrow, he just smiled again, and said something about arranging my birthday present. He told me he'd meet me at home. When he got up to leave, I did, too. But then he insisted I





stay for another drink.

I felt, more than saw, someone slip onto the stool next to me. When the bartender placed another drink in front of me, I started to protest, but he nodded at the person next to me. I was in too good a mood to turn down the drink, so I turned and thanked my new friend. "Hi, I'm Casey," the gorgeous woman said with a warm smile. "It looks like you're celebrating. Hope you don't mind me buying you a drink."

I put out my hand and said, "No, not at all. I'm Dana, and it's my birthday." We talked for a while, more or less feeling each other out. As it turned out, I took a liking to my new friend. I noticed right off the bat that Casey was one of those touchy-feely people. Every time she made a point, I felt her hand on my arm, and even on my knee a few times. I was wearing a mini and showing a lot of leg. I hate to admit it, but I was eating up the attention, and she was starting to push my buttons.

After the second drink, I was feeling really relaxed and I started doing the touchy-feely thing right back. Casey leaned toward me. When I felt her lips close to my ear and her fingers dangerously close to my panties, I froze. "Dana, let's move to one of the corner booths so we can talk without being disturbed," she purred.

Before I could answer, I felt her finger against my silk panties. I should have made a beeline for the door, but instead I picked up my drink and walked to the last booth at the far end of the bar.

Casey slid in next to me, and before I could say a word, our lips touched and we quickly took the kiss further. Her hand made its way under my skirt, pushing my panties aside. I almost came when she touched my clit. "Oh, yes, make me come, baby. Make me come hard!" I whispered, begging. But just as I was about to climax, Casey pulled those wonderful fingers back. "Oh, please, Casey, I'm so close. Finish me off!" I pleaded.

Instead, our lips met for one more lingering kiss before Casey's head slowly slid down my body. My shirt was open, and when Casey pulled up my bra and sucked my swollen nipple, I gasped so loud I was sure the bartender heard me. But I wanted her lips on my pussy. I pushed her down to the floor and lifted my ass, and she quickly slipped off my panties. Her hot tongue was all I needed. As soon as she found my clit, I gushed. "Oh, shit, yes!" I cried. Then, realizing what I'd just done, I pulled up my panties and ran for the restroom.

When I got back to the booth, Casey was gone. I felt good, but also a little guilty—until I walked into the house and found Casey and my husband sitting on the sofa, smiling at me. Josh said, "Casey and I just want to wish you a happy birthday!" *—D.M., Ohio*

Risky Business

After graduating from college, I began working for a small bank. I had a lot to learn and relied heavily on my supervisor to bring me up to speed. Teri was gorgeous and several years older than me, so working closely with her was a challenge. She pushed me hard and I made a point of learning as many of the bank's policies and financial regulations as I could—if only to impress her. What I really wanted to do was find a way to get locked in the safe-deposit vault with her for a few hours, but I knew that pursuing any kind of relationship with her would put my job at risk.

One afternoon, we were driving back to the office from an appointment. We were running late and the slow-moving traffic wasn't helping. Teri grew impatient and decided to take a shortcut. We ended up on a back road, but after driving in circles for 30 minutes, Teri finally admitted that we were lost. Then, the engine stalled.

I know a thing or two about cars and told her to pop the hood. I didn't want to ruin my clothes, so I quickly removed my jacket, tie, and shirt. After several minutes of working under the hood, Teri was able to start the engine. Then I noticed her smiling at me, obviously enjoying what she saw. For a brief moment we stared at each other.

Teri left the engine running and stepped out of the car. She walked toward me, placed a hand on my chest, and gently pulled on my chest hair. Her fingertips dragged across my chest. There was no mistaking our mutual desire, and I decided to make the most of it. I drew her face to mine and we shared a long kiss.

We stepped apart and Teri's gaze swept from my chest down to the bulge growing in my pants. She admitted her attraction to me, but said she hadn't fully appreciated my ap-

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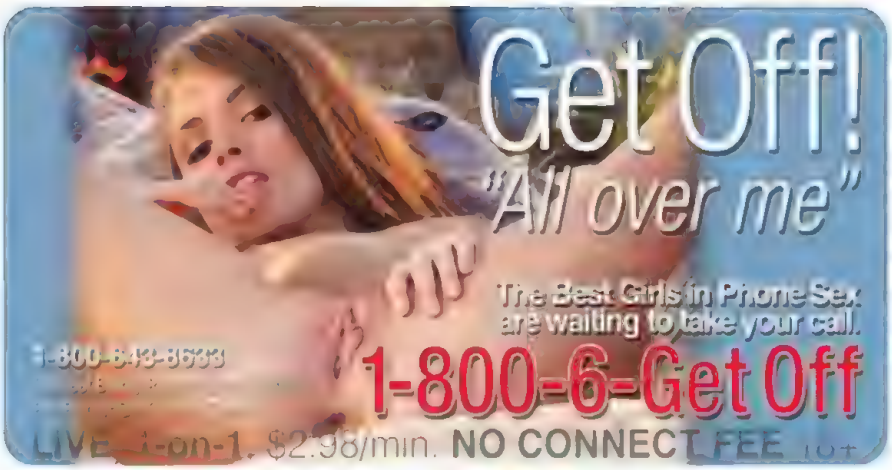
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peal until that moment. As she ran her fingers over my zipper, I was blown away by her openness. She rubbed gently, sending a surge of excitement through my entire body. I wanted to feel her hot skin against mine and pulled her into the backseat of the car. While we locked lips again, Teri unfastened my pants and helped me out of them. Then I helped Teri out of her clothes and bra, and immediately began to feast on her full breasts. She slid her hands into my briefs and let her fingers roam over my ass.

My hands wandered into her panties, which were soaked. I gently ran my fingers along her slippery folds, causing her to quiver and moan. Suddenly, she yanked my briefs down to my knees and grabbed my throbbing cock. I'd pushed a couple of fingers into her snatch, and as she rode them, she eagerly jerked my cock. In her skillful hands, I popped my cork with a load so large I made a mess all over us and the seat.

Still wanting more of each other, Teri and I maneuvered ourselves into a sixty-nine. It wasn't long before I made Teri come and she sucked me dry. Totally spent, we cleaned ourselves up as best we could and got dressed.

Over the next several months, Teri and I got to know each other—and the back roads—really well!—*G.T., Michigan*

My shirt was open, and when Casey sucked my swollen nipple, I gasped so loud I was sure the bartender heard me.

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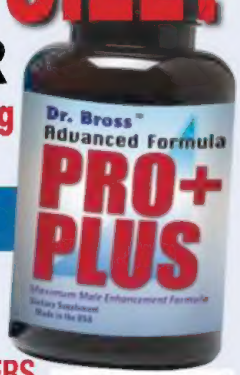

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Our exclusive advanced formula for men with a form of HYPOSPADIAS or small penis since they were young. Size now is less than 6 inches and need a guarantee of accelerated enlargement to reach a much larger size. Can also be used by men larger than 6 inches and need guaranteed maximum enlargement.

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This formula is for men who are now 6 inches or more and want to be guaranteed maximum enlargement.

WHAT WILL PRO+PLUS PILLS DO FOR YOU?

- A longer, thicker penis enlargement up to 5 inches or more and width up to 50%.
- Erections when you want them. Rock-hard bigger erections every time.
- A longer and thicker penis even when you are not hard. Because there is more blood flow, your penis 'hangs' larger all day.
- Enjoy powerful, intense orgasms..
- Reduce recovery time between sexual intervals.
- Permanent results if taken continuously for 3 to 4 months and followed by a maintenance program.

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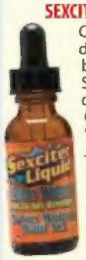
SEXCITER FOR WOMEN MAKES WOMEN BEG YOU FOR SEX!



Can be taken by mouth or put in any liquid without detection, but you should get her permission. She will become wild, untamed and desire to have sex with you. SEXCITER FOR WOMEN includes special ingredients designed to quickly speed up her desire for sex.
Our SEXCITER FOR MEN increases the male sex drive.
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(apply directly to the penis)

Increases blood flow only to the penis for harder, thicker erections. Creates the most powerful erection you will ever have. Heightens sensations with intense orgasms. Increases your sexual performance. As an added feature you can help stop premature ejaculations.

"You have the right name for it. I perform like I'm 20 and I just turned 67." R.C. Florida

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Existing customer order inquiries only 1-818-344-7404. Alternate website to order www.proplusmedical.com. Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.

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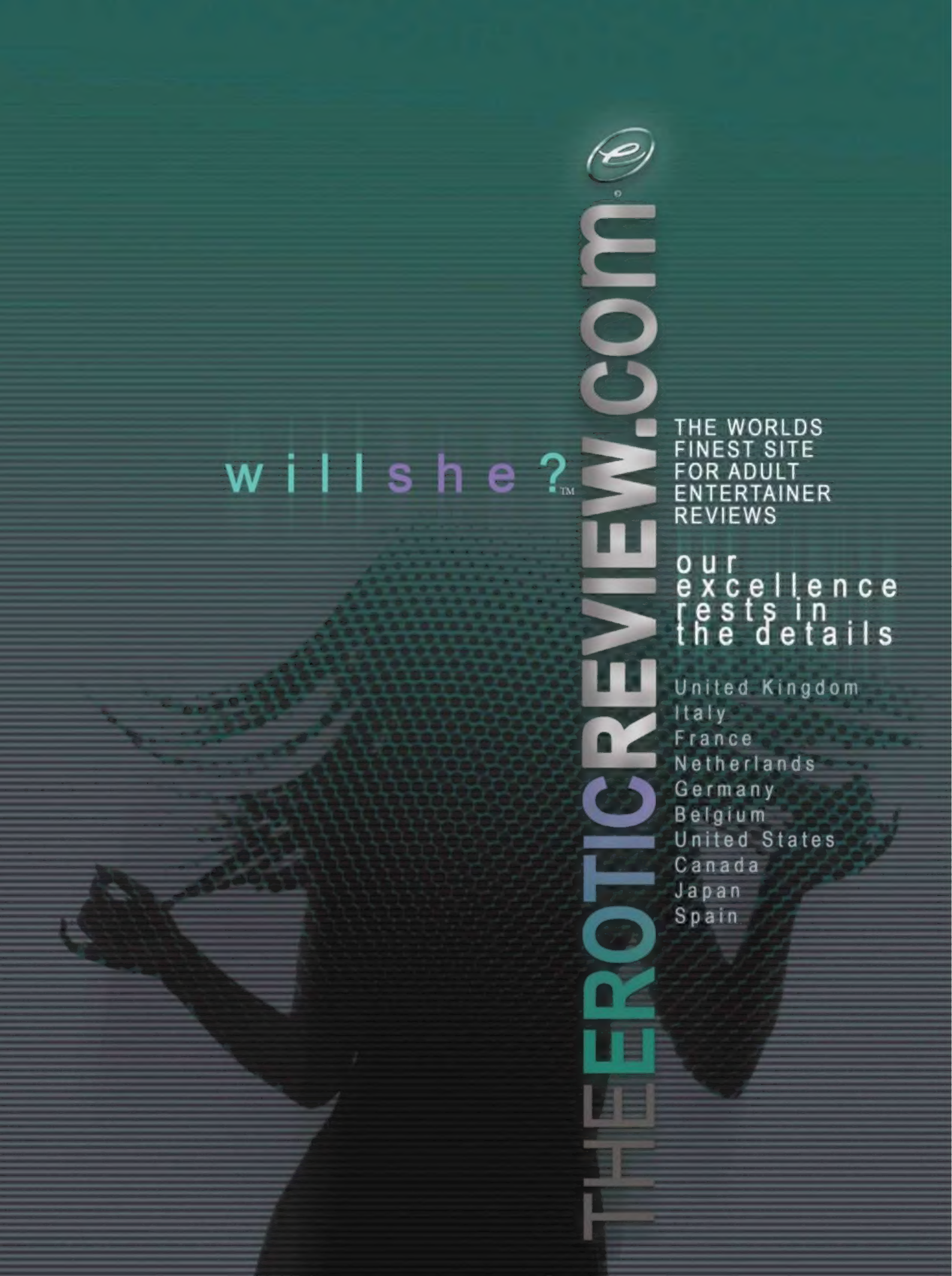
Prom Queens

Adrienne Manning and Karlie Montana, two tens in our book, put their own twist on getting dressed to the nines. And of course the right accessories will make their evening an even bigger success. You can catch full video clips of *Juicier Bubble Butts* at Penthouse.com.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